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SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY



Harry Harrison: Interview and story

Painting Competition
A winner on every page!



SCIENCE FICTION

MONTHLY

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 11

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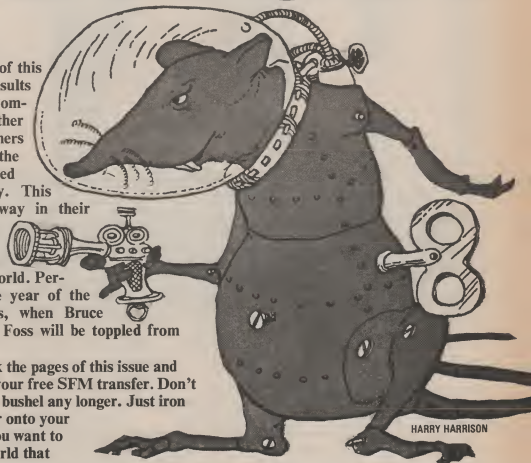
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On the News page of this issue you'll find the results of the SFM Painting Competition Mk II. Altogether we've chosen eight winners and nearly all of the chosen artists submitted more than one entry. This means that hidden away in their attics at home is a wealth of mind-spinning sf art just waiting to be unveiled to the world. Perhaps 1976 will be the year of the 'new wave' sf artists, when Bruce Pennington and Chris Foss will be toppled from their thrones.

FREE GIFT: Check the pages of this issue and make sure you've got your free SFM transfer. Don't hide your light under a bushel any longer. Just iron this full-colour transfer onto your T-shirt (or wherever you want to wear it) and tell the world that you're a SFM reader..

Still on the theme of sf artists we come to Harry Harrison. He started out in the sf field as an illustrator and even designed the covers for the Faber editions of his books *The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge* and *The Stainless Steel Rat Saves the World*. Of course, he's better known for his fiction and anthologies and he did a very good job on John W Campbell's *Collected Editorials from Analog*. If you didn't have the opportunity to follow these in *Astounding*, and subsequently in *Analog*, then it's well worth getting hold of a copy; it definitely brings John Campbell into perspective.

Malcolm Edwards interviewed Harry Harrison and got him talking about his most successful short stories (among other things). They both agreed on a short list of three: *The Streets of Ashkelon* (reprinted in the Penguin Science Fiction Omnibus as *An Alien Agony*); *Rescue Operation* and *By the Falls*. According to the author, the last title is the least known in England, so we've reprinted it here. It's a good starting point, then you can go on and read the other two stories he mentioned; if you're an agnostic *An Alien Agony* could really help you make up your mind.



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 TIMES MIRROR

Before you ever started writing science fiction you worked in comics, didn't you, as an artist as well as a writer?

Harrison: To put it very simply, I came out of the army, went to art school and studied drawing; at the same time I studied easel painting with a painter. While at art school I started drawing and selling comics with Wally Wood, then went from there to advertising art. I had my own art agency and also started editing comic books. When comics folded, since I was already into editing, I started editing pulp magazines: *Science Fiction Adventures*, *Space Science Fiction*, *Fantasy*, *Private Eye* and *Sea Stories*. So I got into editing and into a little freelance writing. I had sold one or two sf stories, but I

said, 'Why did you leave my name off?' and they said, 'Well, we thought you wouldn't like it!' I had to do the second to get my name on it. I also did some spot drawings for my novel *Captive Universe*. The thing there was to con the reader into thinking: *Aspics*. So I did the chapter headings in skulls and various things taken from old glymphographs: a very simple bit of line stuff. I sometimes lay out my jackets for publishers, or at least give them a sketch for a design I'm interested in.

Your first major breakthrough in sf was *Deathworld*. How much had you written before that?
Harrison: I'd been working for about eight or nine years in the field. I edited these various

once or twice. We had a great correspondence about *Deathworld*—all the classical Campbell stories are true—and sort of collaborated on the book and got it done. After that it was easier. I always found it very hard to sell him a short story but very easy to sell him a novel. With all the novels, I outlined in advance what I wanted to do. He was the best collaborator in the world, because he'd never change anything: he'd say, 'Yes, well, all right, but have you thought of this?' and he'd give you four or five possibilities expanding on your own basic idea. I found by hindsight, after three or four serials, that if he worked this way with you he always bought the book. He'd rarely ask for a rewrite if you had worked it out with him. With a short story, no—

HARRY THE GALACTIC HERO

was living on freelance writing of any kind, men's adventures, anything at all.

Was science fiction what you wanted to do?

Harrison: Yes—well, I didn't realise at the time. I'd been a fan since the age of 7. You know, you're a fan or you're not a fan; you know what that means. I was a founding member of the Queens Science Fiction League, with Sam Moskowitz and other greats, and I'd contributed to fanzines. So I was a reader, always was. As an artist it was a very interesting time, because I illustrated some of book jackets and a lot of sf magazines. I used to belong to the Hydra Club—the science fiction professionals' club—so I knew all the writers as buddies. But I was Harry the artist, not the writer. And I was an editor, so I was OK. When I had a chance to start writing science fiction I did, though still earning a living writing other kinds of fiction.

Then I started writing *Flash Gordon*, the comic strip. I did that for several years in Europe, when I was living in Denmark. Dan Barry, who drew it, was living in France and we met in Italy. I said, 'Dan, after all, how many ex-comic-book artist sf writers do you expect to find living in Europe to write your Goddamn strip for you?' My experience was in writing scripts: the first thing I ever sold was called *How to Write for the Comics*. I was drawing comics, but the scripts were so impossible I had to do this article for *Writer's Digest*.

So for ten years I did *Flash Gordon*, and that enabled me to get out from under a lot of other garbage writing that I didn't want to do. Then in the late Fifties I found I could sell more and more. My books went to *Astounding* for serials. I don't write fast—about one book a year—and prices weren't so good in those days; but bit by bit I was in there, living quietly in Europe when it was cheap, and when science fiction started booming and I started getting a better price, I found I could live on it and I dropped everything else.

Do you do anything in the art line these days?

Harrison: Not really. I did two book jackets for Faber for my own books: *The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge* and *The Stainless Steel Rat Saves the World*.

And they left your name off the first one!

Harrison: That's why I did the second one! I

HARRY HARRISON, author of 'Make Room! Make Room!': 'The Stainless Steel Rat,' 'Bill, the Galactic Hero' and countless other sf titles, talks to Malcolm Edwards

magazines, and I published one or two stories—I think my first story was in 1951 or thereabouts. I was illustrating *Worlds Beyond* for Damon Knight, when I wrote a short story and asked him what I should do with it. He was an old friend—again, through art—and he read it and said, 'I'll buy it for \$100.' Great! And Fred Pohl anthologised it—great! But I wasn't a writer, I was an artist; and in what little time I had for writing, I was doing other kinds of writing for money. I did sell one or two other short stories in various places, and I became a full-time freelance, which meant mostly men's adventures. 'How I climbed Mount Kilimanjaro with my fingernails', that kind of thing. I went to Mexico in 1956. It was very cheap in those days, you could live for £35 a month—that was myself, my wife, my baby, a full-time maid and a bottle of tequila a day!

I got far enough ahead, actually had a little bit of a balance in the bank, and I started working on *Deathworld*. I worked on it, then I talked about it with Campbell, kept sending him little bits, worked some more, went to England in 1957 for the Worldcon, lived in Camden Town and went to Italy in the spring of 1958. I came back to New York in the fall of 1958, and finally I sent Campbell 30,000 or 40,000 words, and he said, 'Where the hell's the rest of it?' So finally I finished it and sold it to him, he sent me the cheque and I used it to fly us back to Europe with a one-way passage to Denmark. Around that time I slid over into writing *Flash Gordon* and out of all the other things, then I really was doing science fiction full-time from 1959 on, one of the very first people—if you count *Flash Gordon* as science fiction, as well you might! And I never looked back.

Was that your first sale to John W Campbell and *Astounding*?

Harrison: No, I had sold him a novelette called *The Stainless Steel Rat*, which I eventually turned into a novel, so I had a nice correspondence with him over that and I had met him casually

he'd send it right back. That's funny when you think about it; easier to sell a \$3,000 novel than a \$50 short story, but that's the way it was with him.

You're often identified as a 'Campbell author'.

Harrison: Yes. My science fiction writing career, if you look back, has a lot of other antecedents, but my first sales mostly were to him, and many people say to me, 'You're a Campbell author'. There were syncretistic Campbell authors who would wriggle their spines and suck up to the golden test. It was very easy to do; Campbell was an easy lay for people who wrote to his prejudices. He was also a grand editor who would fight with you, but would print what you wrote even if he didn't agree with it. What made it easy for me was that I had been reading *Astounding* since I was a boy and I thought it was the best magazine going; I also write that way naturally. There are people like Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, whom you can identify as Campbell authors and early Van Vogt—he couldn't have been anywhere else. There's a sort of Campbellian twist of mind, and I never had to write up or down for it.

Eventually, after my third or fourth book, I got tired of writing the same novel, and I wrote a book that I knew Campbell wouldn't buy—a thing called *Bill, the Galactic Hero*. I never submitted it to him because I knew he wouldn't go near it and it was sold elsewhere. I was absolutely right, because years later I was in the office and he said, in his own quiet, friendly way, 'Why did you write *Bill, the Galactic Hero*?' He had me backed up against the wall, so I said, 'John, why do you ask?' He said, 'Well, I was going home and I saw your name on a book on the news-stand, so I picked it up.' That's a frightening thought to begin with: he only reads 2,000,000 words a week or so and he still buys a little science fiction to keep him busy on the way home! I asked him what he thought of it and, of course, he hated every word of it.

So though a born and bred Campbell author, as I became more of a writer I found there were other themes that did not fit the Campbellian pattern.

Did you have any philosophical clashes with Campbell?

Harrison: All the time, day and night, no shortage of them. You took that for granted with John,

which is why I say he was a better editor than people gave him credit for. I would call him a neo-Fascist and he would call me a crypto-Communist, and we'd settle somewhere in between. Basically, he was an old-style technocrat. He believed that engineers could run the world, and they can't, you know; it's a very simplistic point-of-view, politically. We even fought in print, as in the serial appearance of *In our Hands*, the *Stars*, which I wrote as my answer to big government. I think nationalism is one of the evils in the world today; we have to be world-minded, not nationally-minded. At one point in the book, on Mars, one of the characters turned to another and gave him a quick lecture. A lot of things had happened, a lot of action had gone by. The reader was very tired. That's the time for a lecture, so I gave my point of view. Campbell wrote back and said, 'What do you mean by lecturing? Of those two people, only one of them was talking! If you're going to

in a book with either of our names on it.' He wrote back saying, 'Don't you realise I had letters from the Chiefs of Police of Selma, Alabama and the Panama Canal Zone, saying it was absolutely right?' I wrote back saying, 'Well, Christ, yes, what do you think they would say?'

This correspondence got bigger and bigger, and finally in desperation I wrote a very short letter saying, 'I'm sorry John, really, I just can't do it. If you want to use it in the book, you can't use it, but take my name off the book. I will not be part of it.' He wrote back saying, 'Right, leave it out—you're the editor.' That's what he would have said in the first place if I had had the sense to take that approach. The way he always worked, he had the final word—he was editor. If he didn't like it, the hell with you. He would talk to you, cajole you, but he would bounce what he wanted to bounce and print what he wanted to print, and he respected me the same

to do it forever; you have to do a novel now and then to stay alive. Take the example of Harlan Ellison. He could vanish tomorrow! Think about it: Harlan's done anthologies and collections of short stories, but has hardly written any novels, and novels are where the action is. That is what gets reprinted year after year; that is what people remember; that is what goes into paperbacks and maybe gets made into a movie; that is what gets translated into other languages. That gives you a *gestalt* that doesn't exist with short stories, where it's very important to keep your name in front of the public. Your work is appearing in magazines, and you have to get your name on the cover.

You could name a lot of people who did a few short stories and then vanished into the woodwork. Someone like Shekley, when he started, was doing one a week, religiously. At that time in the Fifties you could sell them all, so he became very well known for his short stories. But there comes a limit to that sort of thing. He finally got into novels, but he wrote very few. Now young readers don't know the name Shekley particularly, though he's still one of the best writers in the entire field. In some other field he might have had a reputation to hold on to—they might hire him as a lecturer—not in science fiction. Nod for a moment, slow down, and you're dead—gone, absolutely forgotten.

Which do you regard as your most successful short stories. I've got three listed on my piece of paper...

Harrison: I know which ones they are, too. *The Streets of Ashkelon*?

Right.

Harrison: *Rescue Operation*?

Yes.

Harrison: God, that's two out of three. There were are.

You've been reading over my shoulder!

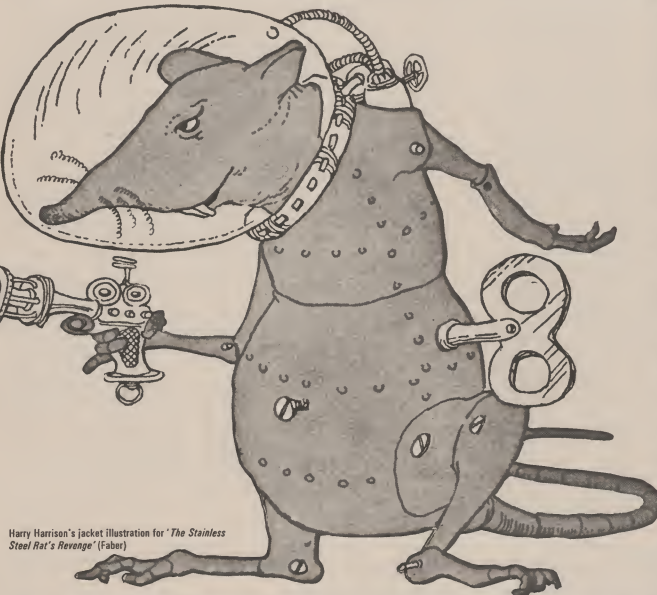
Harrison: No, no! I know which have been anthologised; which succeeded in what I tried to do; which came from a certain drive. What was the third one?

One which isn't so well known over here: *By the Falls*.

Harrison: Oh, yes. It's been anthologised half a dozen times in the States, but not all anthologies appear over here.

With *The Streets of Ashkelon* you had problems, didn't you, over its 'unacceptability'?

Harrison: Endless problems! It was done over ten years ago, when you couldn't use the words 'hell' and 'damn' in science fiction, and my hero was an atheist. And that was that, mate! Your hero could be a priest—or maybe a rabbi, reluctantly—and he could cross himself all the time (the priest, not the rabbi, that is), but you couldn't use the word 'atheist'. Science fiction was a lump of crap that was still sucking the pulp life. I sent the story to my agent in New York, and he said, 'You can't sell this: it's about an atheist'. So I tried: I sent it to every single magazine, and they sent it back. It was written for an anthology Judy Merrill was doing of way-out stories, called *The Thin Edge*. The publisher went bust and the book never came out. I thought Britain might be more generous, so I sent it to Ted Carnell, and he wouldn't print it in *New Worlds*; he felt it was too far out. I asked Brian Aldiss what to do, and he said, 'I'll put it in my Penguin anthology'. We told Ted Carnell about it and he said, 'Oh well, in that case I'll print it'. That might give you the feeling he had a supple spine; but at least he had a spine, which the American publishers did not have at all. He just wanted to be reassured that it was OK to do. Ted was a very generous man, and a fine editor in many ways. So it was first published in *New Worlds* and then Penguin anthologised it, although Brian was really the first. After that it put it in one of its own collections, and now it's being picked up: it's been in half a dozen or more anthologies, a dozen languages, and I'm happy to say I've just put it in a high school text book. That will give you some idea of how far the world has come: the popular magazines wouldn't touch it twelve years ago, and now it's in a textbook!



Harry Harrison's jacket illustration for *The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge* (Faber)

lecture, the other one should say . . . And he wrote a page and a half of what the other one should say. I wrote back, saying, 'You're absolutely right, John. I agree completely: it's a biased talk.' I copied his letter and put it in the serial. I did not put it in the book, because the book is my lecture, but I gave him equal time in his own magazine: why not?

You could do this with him and you could fight tooth and nail. I agree there was a period when there were a lot of crappy stories in *Analogue*. There were writers whose names I will not mention—people like Randall Garrett—who would write bad stories on Campbellian themes.

Did you ever push Campbell's buttons?

Harrison: No, never, quite the reverse. I hated his buttons; we had endless fights about them, to the extent where we fell out when I edited a book of his editorials. It took me two or three years to do: I couldn't read more than a couple of those things a day! I finally arrived at about 80,000 words out of some 3,000,000. It was all my selection. I said, 'Which ones shall I use?' He said, 'You're the editor: you pick them, we'll split the money.' So out of courtesy I sent him a list of those I had picked and he wrote back and said, 'Have you considered *The Mobsters*? Now *The Mobsters* in essence says that all riots in the world are caused by the Communist Party—every single one! I said, 'Well, that is rather simplistic, John. I don't think it's true, and it won't do either you or me any good to have it

way. Of course, he very craftily never told me that in the beginning. He never let you know the rules of the game; you had to figure them out yourself. A grand man.

Do you generally feel happier doing novels than short stories?

Harrison: I think you feel happiest doing both: there are short story ideas which should be written as short stories, and novel ideas which should be written as novels. I think the best balance is doing both. A novel requires an awful lot of work: something like *Make Room! Make Room!* took six years of preparation, just trying to find out what was going on. It's a big effort to write it and get it out of the way, and total exhaustion sets in afterwards. That's a good time to write short stories: you can do a short story in a day or two. I mean, you start on Monday morning and look forward to going out the next weekend! There are certain capsule ideas you want to do in a short story. Certain writers, whose names I will not mention, stretch them into novels. On the other hand, some people, like Katherine MacLean, used to throw away a whole novel in a short story.

Science fiction is probably the only field in the world where collections of stories and anthologies make money. SF short stories have a very important function, and so do novels, and the professional SF writer who wants to succeed in the field will ninety-nine per cent of the time have to do both. You can get along for a while doing only short stories, but you can't expect

How about Rescue Operation? I remember it very vividly from Analog, where it seemed out of place and wasn't too well received.

Harrison: It wasn't really for the *Analog* readers, even though Campbell bought it. Many times he said he bought stories he knew his readers wouldn't like, and to Hell with them. He knew better. And he really did know better.

Here again the story comes from a particular impetus, aside from the normal art and craft of writing. The craft you can learn, but the art you might be able to learn; but what kicks you into it you can only have at a particular time. It was a story I felt very strongly about. I'd been on the spot; I knew everyone in the story except the alien. I just put him in to draw the parts together. I'd been in Yugoslavia, and the kids had scarlet fever, which used to be a killer but which can be cured very easily with penicillin. They didn't have oral penicillin then, because wax suspensions are one-tenth the price, and therefore it was a poverty-stricken country taking free medical aid from the world, that's what you get. Nothing wrong with that, but wax suspensions—I had them in the army—hurt like hell. We literally had to carry the kids screaming to the doctor to get the injections, which I did with tears in my eyes, because I knew that there are terrible side-effects with scarlet fever if it goes its course. So I was there, I knew the doctor and the other characters, and I knew the countryside. Add this big emotional kick, and I just saw it all being pulled together by the alien. The alien is the alien. That in itself is a mild twist on the old alien arrival theme: it always lands on the White House lawn, you know, but why not in some broken-necked part of the world? Right away when those parts came together, the story generated itself. If you write well, and you have the material, you have a good story.

Are those the stories where you feel out to most successfully achieve what you set out to do?
Harrison: Yes, and what they have in common is the emotional content. You can only write so well if you really feel it. The third one, *By the Falls*, was the same in one sense: it had pure emotional content and very little else. We were living in this house at the foot of a hill called Suicide Hill, which will give you some idea of what it was like! When we first moved in, the road ended at the top of the hill and there was no traffic. After a few years they built a road and cars would be belting down the hill. The house was angled towards the hill, only about twenty or thirty feet back from the road. One night I was just going to sleep, some time after midnight, and I was in that half-way state between waking and sleeping. It was dead quiet, there wasn't too much traffic in those days, and I heard a car at the top of the hill, revving its engine. It came down the hill, crashing through the gears, right to the top, engine roaring—and the lights came through the bedroom window because of the way the house was angled—and I had the feeling that the car was going to come right into the bedroom and out again the other side of the house. All this while I was half asleep. I rose about five inches from the bed, just suspended in mid-air from the shock of this thing, while the car went by the house. But as I did this—which had never happened to me before—I had a vision, not of a car coming down a hill, but of a waterfall about five miles wide, pouring down, nothing but sound overwhelming me. This vision so shocked me that I lay there vibrating for a while, went to sleep, got up in the morning, thought about it—and instantly the emotion came back. I went into the studio and in one day wrote the story. Every time I flagged, I'd think back and revive the feelings I had, and those feelings are behind the story at all times. The story is about a waterfall, and it's very symbolic: you can read four or five things into it. But the reason I think it's popular is not because of what you read into it; it's because of my emotions running out of it. This part of the New Wave in science fiction—the Harlan Ellison bit, where you take the reader and put his head into a buzz-saw for half an hour. If you like having your head in a buzz-saw, OK. There should be more to a story than strong emotion, but it will always hold a reader. It holds a writer as well!

Do you always get emotionally involved with the stories you're doing?

Harrison: No, I get intellectually involved, but a lot of stories aren't emotional at all. If there are emotions, though, you should be involved. I did a story called *Mute Milton*, about an old Negro physicist who has a little radio which works off gravity power. I wrote this when I was living in Denmark and Martin Luther King had just come over to collect the Nobel prize. The Danish papers were full of it, and I was enjoying being an American—you know, having an American getting a very important award. Then a copy of *Newsweek* of Time arrived which had an interview with some horrible sheriff from the south—great big pot-belly hanging out over his belt and pick handle in his hand, you know—saying, 'Well, he's just one more nigger to me.' I was so incensed and, though it didn't come to me instantly, that strong emotion kicked the story off. I tried to carry that feeling through; not in the story itself, but behind it. That's a logical decision: you want the reader to feel what you feel, and you don't want to let him know it. If he's alive and warm he's going to recognise red-necked sheriffs, and he's going to recognise a good idea and a good man.

A lot of your novels have some kind of humorous content—you've done satire, slapstick, parody, pastiche, the lot. Do you find it a good medium for that sort of thing? Why isn't there more of it?

Harrison: I think it's an ideal medium for it: it's so full of absolute bullshit, self-aggrandisement, and the characters badly written and bad writing that it's just ripe for it. I do it because I found I could do it. But editors buy it. Editors will buy action and motion all the time, but each one knows he's an authority on humour, and if he isn't laughing he won't buy it. It's hard to sell. I did one, and then another, and eventually I got a reputation for it, and now I can sell it. I enjoy doing it between more serious books so I can cheer myself up. If you write a book like *Make Room! Make Room!*, you're so depressed you want to go off and write something light like *Bill, The Galactic Hero*, just to take the edge off.

It's not done more because people do it so badly. There's very little good humour in sf since Fredric Brown. The pretentious stuff is terribly bad. I wish there was more of it, but it's really terribly hard to do. You have to feel the material is right. Sometimes it can inadvertently slip up on you. *The Technicolour Time Machine* started out as a straight adventure novel, but the characters came together and I thought the combination was just funny. And I kept hating myself; I thought, Christ, I should be writing a straight novel! And it kept getting more and more ludicrous! As you remember, there's a straight adventure going on, but at the same time, high hysteria ruling. After a while I just gave up. It came about naturally, and it went very well. Now I do it consciously, in the sense that I say now's the time, if I see the right plot. For instance, I was so fed up with space opera a few years ago—dark period of my life where I wanted to be funny, and I wrote the book called *Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers*, and you can't tell what it's like from that title...!

Another of your undoubtedly humorous books is the recent A Transatlantic Tunnel. Hurrah! You seemed very much at home in the Victorian pastiche style you adopted in that book.

Harrison: Yes, I don't remember exactly the genesis of the idea; it developed bit by bit. I enjoy the Victorian novel, and I wanted to do a parody of one, and bring a lot of things together, bring America and Britain together. The parallel worlds theme is ignored in science fiction for the most part. There are a few short stories and a handful of novels, *Bring the Jubilee*, de Camp's *Wheel of It*, *The Man in the High Castle*, *Pavane*, that's about it, isn't it? It's a very good theme, but it requires an awful lot of work. You have to think it out very well, and too many sf writers are lazy. It's a theme that's been being very transatlantic at the time, having been living here and in America for a number of years. It started out almost as a serious novel with a parallel worlds theme. I started looking into Victorian crime and vice and, O Christ, once you've touched that it's not quite like *Upstairs, Downstairs*, which is the best part of Victorian-Edwardian life. What the working classes were doing in, say, Nottingham at that time was so

awful that I decided to leave it alone. Once I did that it had to be a funny novel, or mildly humorous at least. Then I generated the idea of writing it as if it had occurred in that world, which is a little difficult to do at first but was fine once it started going. Then again, written as if in that world it could be funny, because I could bring out all the anachronisms—deliberate things, which gave me a lot of joy to do. If you notice, every single vehicle there had a different sort of power: atomic energy, powdered coal, butane, electricity, even the petrol-driven car, reluctantly, because I had run out of other sources of energy. I had a lot of little in-group jokes, which are fun as long as they don't interfere with the main thrust of the story. If the reader doesn't catch it, he shouldn't mind it; if he does catch it, it adds a grace note. Why not? I had J Edgar Hoover as a chap in the Queen's Own FBI, or something, and a detective called Richard Tracy.

And the book was true to the Victorian ethos of hard work and everything else. It's also a Tory's dream of glory—not that I side with the Tory party in the slightest, but you must be true to the theme. I had a good review by Auberon Waugh in *The Spectator*. He said he was in tears when the girl got married—as well he might be!

I remember there were complaints from readers in Analog about the awful, mannered style: they said they couldn't understand it!

Harrison: Those were the ones they wanted to be. But the editor, had about fifty like that! I think it went down much better here because for better or worse this kind of novel is still being written, and anybody with any kind of education was subjected to the Victorian novel, and would instantly recognise what the hell was going on, and enjoy it. In a way I deliberately made it transatlantic, because I knew I couldn't write a British novel and I was getting out of touch with the American novel; by making it transatlantic, all errors were lost. But it was very carefully vetted by my friend Toby Roxburgh, so the British characters at least sound true. You can get away with a lot of minor errors saying, well, that's because it's a parallel world, but you can't catch the ring of authenticity in the voice. You will find there is no American author who can write three lines of dialogue out of an Englishman's mouth that any English reader won't find false, and vice versa. You just cannot duplicate the whole tenor and thrust, not so much in vocabulary, but in formation of sentences and word usage. You can fake it, if you get help with it.

The two of your novels which give the impression of having most work put in them, being least easily created, are Make Room! Make Room! and In Our Hands, the Stars. Are they also the books you regard as your most important?

Harrison: Well, I think they're all important. Some books did take a longer time. Both the books concerned subjects I felt very strongly about. *In Our Hands*, the Stars is written against nationalism; it's also an answer to all those books where you have American heroes and Russian villains. The small countries never get a look in. So I set it in Israel and Denmark, and there are American villains as well. *Make Room! Make Room!* is about overpopulation. There were years of work in that book; years of reading before I started to write it. The worst part of the film, *Soylent Green*, was that they nearly lost the whole point of the book.

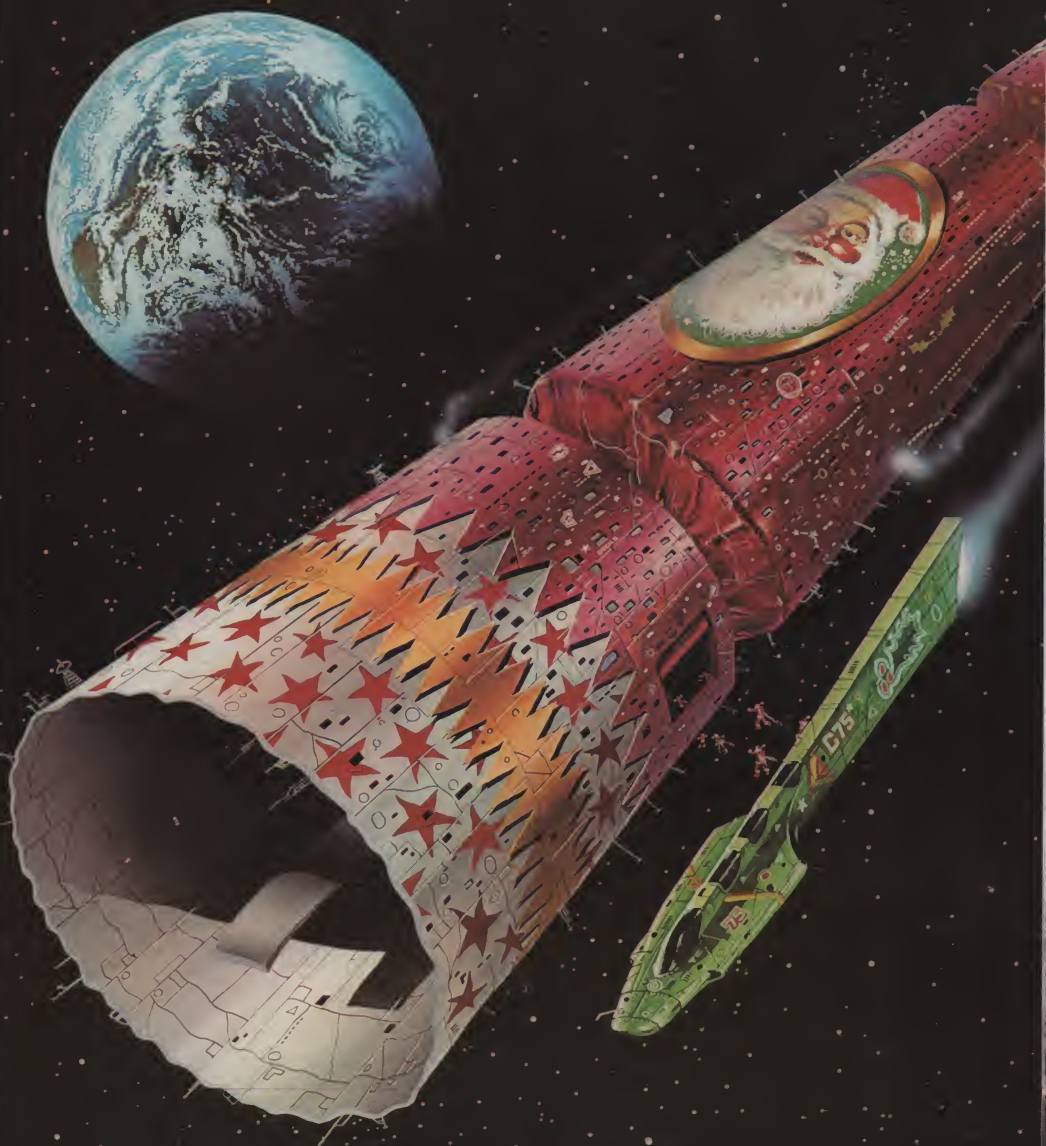
They made it about all the cannibalism stuff instead. Were you unhappy with the film?

Harrison: Right, they changed it all round. I was on the lot while they were shooting, and all the people making the film—the director, Richard Fleischer, all the actors—were very involved in the theme of the book. But the scriptwriter had no sense of it: it was originally planned to have any explanation at all of how it got that way, just started straight in. It didn't make sense. Then they added that montage sequence at the beginning, which at least gave you some idea that overpopulation had something to do with it! It isn't the book I wrote but, as I say, they did mostly care about what they were doing. I'm not that unhappy about it. ☺









'The façade of the building screamed one name at them, in letters as tall as a man: TAMODIL. The walls of the lobby repeated it, smaller: TAMODIL. It lined the stairway, on banners: TAMODIL. It graced doors, windows: TAMODIL. This was Tamodil's Exhibition, the acme of his career without Cjang'

—By Terry Greenhough—

It was Tamodil's proudest moment. The Universe stood at his feet, acclaiming his genius. This at last was recognition.

He held the Creation steady with only a tiny part of his mind. His thoughts were an island of conceit, complacency, self-congratulation. Something intruded. Concentration flagged just a little and the forms he was controlling wavered. An irregularity of contour broke their perfection, a suggestion of dissolution, inchoate yet growing. He snapped the intruder away and the shapes righted. Mercifully, no one had noticed. He sighed inside, wondering what had happened.

Shea turned in through the wide doorway, hardly walking. The crowd swept her along. She smiled. They were all flocking to see Tamodil and his work. The name on their lips was the name on his heart, and they carried her to him without knowing who she was. Ideal seemed to her a fantasy-world, where worry couldn't intrude.

Banners drifted past as she skipped upstairs, fluttering cloths bearing script:

TAMODIL. That was all they said, but it was enough. Enough to bring worlds to a single man, worshipping. Only Tamodil was more than a man, much more; to Shea he was everything. To the universe he was the supreme Artist. And yet, were it not for Cjang . . .

No! she told herself fiercely. Forget Cjang. Let his memory die. But it wouldn't.

She went with the throng down a corridor, up another flight of stairs. There in front of the door, closed. Liveried men flanked it, grave and tall. They impressed her. The door, quite plain, impressed her more. Tamodil was beyond it, the sensation of all Ideal, the cynosure of the planet.

People stopped chattering. A hush fell. It was the quiet of respect. Respect for the opulence of the building, for the dignity of the footmen, and for Tamodil.

The men flung the door open. Shea, within yards of him now, hung back. She didn't enter. Instead, she stood aside as the others, gasping, burst through. Awe was in the involuntary sounds they made, awe drawn out by sight of the Creation. She could understand it; she felt it herself every time she experienced his work, any of it. The depth of it, the scope, the wild ideas it evoked, the dreams transcending dreams, the hint of magic it seemed to convey. He had never produced a poor example. He was a stranger to mediocrity. Tamodil dealt only in excellence. But, without Cjang . . .

She leaned on a wall. A wisp of night-black hair shadowed her brow, above eyes of grey mystery. It annoyed her that men hurried by but gave her no second glance. Tamodil must possess their minds fully, if female beauty was so unimportant. The old hunger deep in her body stirred as she watched the hastening men, the eager need for flesh within her flesh. When she was with him, she could turn to Tamodil. Right now, she could merely spin fantasy inside her head and try to be content with it.

She marvelled at the love that kept her to Tamodil, despite the keen hunger. Not that it had always been Tamodil. No, there had been someone else, someone years ago, someone before Tamodil entered her life. There had been Cjang.

Again the annoyance was limned on her face, this time at Cjang whose image kept looming large out of the past. Cjang, the driving-force behind Tamodil in the early days; Cjang, the Animator who could instill the most wonderful vitality into the dulllest of Creations—and Tamodil's had been the very opposite of dull; Cjang, who had loved her so ardently that separation had nearly killed him; Cjang . . . But why think about him? Because, she mused, she had to; she couldn't stop.

She went into Tamodil's chamber, edging herself into the crowd. Silence had returned, after the early cries of reverence. Around her she saw admiring glances, heard words of praise—but not for her; for the Creation. It put her close to jealousy. She knew where she stood in Tamodil's affections—second, behind Art.

There were influential critics in the room, men and women whose opinions swung the tastes of worlds. Panegyric tumbled from their gaping mouths as they studied the Creation. One of them drew pen and notebook from a pocket, chewed the tip of the pen, immediately put it away. No one could capture the magic in mere words. The critic scowled, irritated by his own limitations.

'Only Tamodil was more than a man, much more; to Shea he was everything. To the universe he was the supreme Artist'

Shea moved towards Tamodil. He locked the mental mechanism that governed the Creation. He should be able to think of other things now, confident that his work would look after itself. But how confident could he be, considering the recent obstruction? He would have to be careful, spare the mechanism a conscious thought now and then. If it were to crumble, before the gaze of millions; if it were to fall in ruins, here, now, when he had finally proved his worth alone, built a reputation free from Cjang—he owed a lot to their partnership, but at last he had made it on his own. If the Creation . . . The intruder attacked again. Tamodil's face was expressionless as he fought it, strove to keep the Creation unchanged, struggled to . . .

'Tamodil! It was a whisper, carrying across silence, an interruption. Shea's voice. Get back! he thought. Go! This fight demands all of me; don't be a distraction.

She came and stood beside him, a petulant curl to her lips. She didn't like waiting. He could smell the enticing aroma of her perfume, some concoction from one of the outlying planets. He had to fight her closeness, too. Not a sign of the conflict showed on his face. He upheld through it all the classic pose expected of the true Artist: legs crossed, relaxed, negligent, aloof, calm. Never once had he betrayed normal humanity by a gesture, a smug smirk, a furtive scratch. The Artist before his work was a study in immobility. It added to his prestige.

Shea remained there, testing him. Artist's concentration against man's desire. Would he succumb? Would a flicker of emotion pierce his shell of impassibility? It had never done so before, but she cherished the secret hope that one day it would. Although it would destroy some of Tamodil's stupendous self-esteem, it would gratify her, appeal to a

wish to hurt him. And that was odd, because she loved him.

He didn't acknowledge her presence, merely carried on the quiet skirmish inwardly. He won, after nearly losing. Then he stood up and strolled off, wrapped in his cloak of introversion. A touch on his arm and he pretended to have only just noticed her. 'Why, Shea?' he said with affected surprise. 'I didn't realise.'

'That's what you always say.' She was smiling, but her voice sounded harsh. He didn't know whether or not she had seen through his act.

He kissed her—normal behaviour, and permissible. The public considered that an Artist was free of his obligation when he had turned from his Creation. He could be as human as he pleased. It was evidence of a powerful talent if he could control his work whilst going about his business apparently ignoring it.

'Come.' He took her hand firmly and led her to the door.

The crowd parted. Typically, he returned no thanks. Someone opened the door and they went through. The intruder was still bothering him as it closed behind them.

Tamodil drank greedily. People at neighbouring tables cast different glances. Shea was frowning. 'Please go easy on the drink, Tamodil. For me.'

'For you, woman? No!' he said with calculated cruelty. Wine sparkled onto the table as he refilled his jug. 'Having earned diversion, I shall enjoy it.' Intoxication was often necessary, particularly after a strenuous session withstanding the stares of his admirers. It refreshed him, cleared his head. And usually it made easier the task of maintaining the Creation's stability from a distance; the mind-lock sank down, quiescent, held on automatically. But would it stay fixed if the intruder came questioning again, or would the wine-madness clog his brain and render him vulnerable? All he could do was hope to drown it, swamp it, submerge it in a bog of other thoughts. Then, if he couldn't find it himself, what chance would a stranger have?

'You know you drink too much, Tamodil.'

'Nonsense! Would you want the well of Art to run dry? I replenish it.' He gave a shout of laughter; heads turned at it, but the startled eyes swerved off when they met his. He lay back on the couch, a man of slim build, with delicate features, fine eyes, hair touched with the gold of rare sunsets; all suggesting an individual of gentle disposition and deep thought. And so he was, until the wine flowed. Then, profound thought was abandoned and mildness yielded to a sharp tongue. He plucked a memory from his mind, honing it a moment before stabbing her with it. 'You compare me to Cjang, Shea! His sobriety to my immoderation, his sweet talk to my sour! Ha! I scorn you, Cjang, most exalted of Animators! I don't need you any more.'

'But you once did,' she reminded, before . . . before . . . She stopped.

'Can't you say it, woman? Before I rubbed his face in the dirt and stole you from him? A sorry day for him.' She brightened at what seemed a compliment, but he went on, 'And a sorer one for me, I sometimes think!'

She looked away, hurt, and silence span out. Minutes passed, then Tamodil jumped to his feet with the energy of anger. 'You sicken me at times, Shea! You all do—all you dull-faced people!' he added, addressing the room at large.

'I despise the Universe; I am my own.' And he strode out haughtily, his face set with his best glare of contempt.

Later, she found him on the flat roof. He was leaning on the parapet, a score of floors above the city, watching the traffic as it tangled in the air-lanes. Now and then his gaze dropped to the streets, a suicidal distance below. This was one of his gloomy moods. Seeing it, she ran to him.

'You clown!' she laughed, gripping his arm. Often it was best to coax him out of the depression with laughter. 'Oh, Tamodil, those folks in the bar! Falsely, she giggled. 'Tamodil, you should have seen them wriggle and writhe!'

'Should I? Why?' he asked abruptly, disconcerting her.

'Well . . .' She gestured her lack of words.

'I see. For no reason. I just should. You're a fool, Sheea!' A gleam of pleasure lived in his eyes briefly as she winced. 'Sheea, look out at the world. Ideal, so aptly named! Where the thinkers of the universe come, the dreamers, the philosophers, the religion-merchants, the poets, painters, Artists, Animators. For a man such as I, this is the place; success here is success everywhere, and I've achieved it! Why should I waste time watching idiots cringe at the scorn they deserve?'

Sheea had no answer. Shaking her head, she left him. After a long moment he followed her and caught up. They descended from the roof hand in hand.

The facade of the building screamed one name at them, in letters as tall as a man: TAMODIL. The walls of the lobby repeated it, smaller: TAMODIL. It lined the stairway, on banners: TAMODIL. It graced doors, windows: TAMODIL.

'Critics, reporters, interviewers swarmed round him, receiving nothing, not a comment, not a syllable. Sheea flashed smiles; Tamodil radiated indifference'

This was Tamodil's Exhibition, the acme of his career without Cjang. He ignored everyone who tried to speak to him as they moved down the main corridor. Critics, reporters, interviewers swarmed round him, receiving nothing; not a comment, not a syllable. Sheea flashed smiles; Tamodil radiated indifference. People made way. As he walked, Tamodil held the encroaching mind at bay—but only just.

He stopped at a door, not the one into his own chamber. 'This way, Sheea. Let's view other work than mine.' They went in. Only a few people were there, idly sauntering past the old, tired-looking Artist who sat frozen in his chair. Sheea pitied him, as well as the handful of other Artists and Animators privileged enough to have a small share in the Exhibition. Hardly anyone took the trouble to study their efforts—reasonable efforts, but no match for Tamodil's.

'I really do like this!' she said with feigned enthusiasm, for the old fellow's benefit. His posture didn't alter, but she felt sure he had heard her. The colours are marvelous, and as for the stability . . .'

'It's as firm as a wet sponge!' Tamodil interjected loudly. The Artist's mouth tightened. 'Watch!' Tamodil snatched control of the Creation, shivered it, and gave it back. The old man's face drained of colour, but he remained still. His eyes closed a fraction as he locked his mind harder on his Creation, willing it to assume greater solidity. It did. Tamodil, bowing theatrically in recognition of the performance, decided not to interfere further. He had made his point.

Sheea was shocked. 'Tamodil! That was wicked!' He was unrepentant. 'Wicked to teach him a lesson? He should be honoured to have learned from me.'

She was too incensed to reply. Without interest, she looked again at the Creation, a small still-life of some deity she couldn't identify. Perhaps the Artist was an anachronism, a member of one of the fanatical cults from the barely-civilised Rim-Worlds Union. He had portrayed his subject in several different colours, using the entire spectrum of human skin-shades. Probably to symbolise racial harmony, she supposed, cynically dismissing it as a vain aspiration. One of the shades reminded her of Cjang—the sallow appearance of his flesh, revealing the pre-Expansion Terra-Chinese in his ancestry. She sighed, remembering the wonderful years she and Cjang had spent together on Ideal; the trials, the triumphs, the hopes, the plans. And then along came Tamodil.

'Sheea! Sheea! I want you a minute!' It was Cjang's voice, excited, downstairs. The door slammed; he always closed it with a bang, not through bad temper, just because he was a powerful man, his strength never completely under control. 'Sheea! I've brought you a surprise!'

She was curious. Cjang's surprises could be anything. A rare book, an expensive ornament, a cheap trinket that had caught his eye. 'Coming!' she called, and went. Near the foot of the stairs she paused. 'Oh! I didn't realise!' Cjang wasn't alone. With him was a stranger, a few years younger, fair-haired, rather nice-looking. His serious face was trying to smile but not really making it. He was unsteady; Cjang's arm supported him. She smelled stale wine.

'Sheea, this is Tamodil. You've heard the name.' Cjang's broad, flat features were eager, expectant.

'Tamodil? I . . .' Startled, she searched for something to say. All of Ideal was familiar with Tamodil's name. He was said to be a genius, a young, fast-rising Artist destined to reach the very top. Rumour attributed to him a talent that had to be seen to be believed. 'Yes, yes, of course. Hello.'

'Hi.' He stepped forward and took her hand. His grip was light, like a woman's. It lasted only a second, but it seemed much longer to her.



TOM MASSEU

NEWS

By Julie Davis

SFM PAINTING COMPETITION Mk II: The Winners

At last, after six months of careful deliberation, we announce the results of our second painting competition. Learning from last year's experience, this time we changed the rules a little and asked entrants to send photographic transparencies of their work rather than the original paintings. This resulted in a marked drop in the number of entries and a significant rise in the standard of artwork.

We've chosen eight winners and selected each painting for a particular reason: Some seem destined for use as book jackets and others as centrespieces in *SFM*, one in particular was selected because of its psychedelic flavour and two more for their strong colours, but the winning painting surpasses them all. Peter Elson's painting has a strong science fiction theme (albeit backneyed) and a clear, photographic quality which says much for the artist, considering that, unlike many of the other paintings, he did not use canvas or board, but simple cartridge paper. His use of light and perspective is exquisite and he depicts the natives in the foreground just as effectively as he does the ominously approaching spaceship overhead.

Of course, we are all art critics and many of you will disagree with our choice, but no one can deny that the gallery of paintings here indicates that a great wealth of art lies waiting to be discovered. This issue contains all the prize-winning paintings with the first prize-winner displayed on the centre pages.

FIRST PRIZE OF £50 goes to Peter Elson of 5 Clay Lane Grove, Colchester, Essex.

Seven prizes of £25 each will go to the following artists:

P Jepson of 14 Ferneley Crescent, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire;

AR Lowe of 10 Sandown Road, Thundersley, Benfleet, Essex;

Paul Mahoney of 18 Glenville Avenue, Coventry;

K Newstead of 343 Pettits Lane North, Romford, Essex;

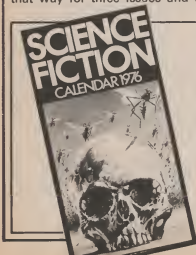
Robert Offord of 52 Fair Green, Cockfosters, Hertfordshire;

Michel de Saint Owen of 17 Belgrave Gardens, London NW8;

John Storey of 7 Moorland Grove, Pudsey, West Yorkshire.

Nasty Rumours

Harry Harrison has moved to Ireland... Cherry Wilder, whose short story 'Way Out West' appeared in *SFM* Vol 2 No 7, has been awarded an Australian arts grant to write a sf novel... Robert Silverberg won the Silver Comet, Italy's equivalent of the Nebula Award, for *A Time of Changes*... Leonard Nimoy and William Shatner have both been signed for a full-length *Star Trek* film... David Bowie is to star in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, filming has started in New Mexico. His part was apparently written for Donald Sutherland but when the director, Nicolas Roeg, read the script he felt that Bowie was the only man for the job... Chris Priest won the 1975 BSFA award for *Invented World* which was voted Best British sf Novel of 1974. His next novel, *The Space Machine*, will be published by Faber in 1976... *Children of Dune*, Frank Herbert's third novel in the *Dune* series, runs to 530 pages in manuscript and will be published in April 1976 by Berkley in America... *Vertex*, the American sf magazine, has folded. It started life in April 1973 as a glossy mag and changed after thirteen issues to a newspaper format, it stayed that way for three issues and then just flopped...



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Shadrach in the Furnace, Robert Silverberg's new novel will be published in America next year; it is 90,000 words long and on its completion he took a well-deserved holiday from sf...

Dune at the Movies: The Continuing Saga

Contrary to the report in *SFM* Vol 2 No 8, the filming of *Dune*, Frank Herbert's marathon novel, did not begin in September. It has been delayed for another six months while two artists are working flat out in Paris producing the whole film in pictures, a technique referred to as a storyboard and successfully employed by Alfred Hitchcock, among others, on several films. The artists selected for the job are Jean Giraud, a Frenchman well known for his work with sf magazines, and Christopher Foss who will be designing all the spaceships and monsters.

Another change is that of special effects designer; Douglas Trumbull will not be working on the film, but Dan O'Bannon who handled the special effects for *Dark Star* will take his place.

There is also a possibility that Pink Floyd may be providing the soundtrack.

Film News

Gregory Peck and Lee Remick have been signed to appear in a new sf film called *The Micronauts*. The plot concerns mankind's struggle to survive an ecological disaster which threatens the world with starvation. Harry Saltzman, co-producer of the James Bond films, will take over the entire Shepperton Film Studio for the winter to make the film. Three months' will be spent there constructing the sets before shooting actually begins. The film, scheduled to open at the end of next year, involves complex technical production sequences as the humans are reduced to insect size to battle the insect world for the remaining food supplies. Micro-photography is already under way at the Oxford Scientific Film Centre for shots that portray insect life magnified more than ninety times larger than life. Among the more curious props which have to be created for the film are blades of grass more than 30ft high and a bottle top big enough for six men to stand on. The director is British film-maker Don Sharp who made the controversial *Hennessy*.

But is Science Fiction?

Rollerball reviewed by John Brosnan.

Rollerball, as you all know by now, is about a game of the future which involves a group of men on roller skates trying to beat each other's brains out, literally, with metal-studded gloves. The Corporations which rule this future world have devised rollerball as a means of keeping the populations under control, the idea being that if people are able to watch men on skates bashing their brains out they won't want to indulge in any political activity. As you can see—it's a pretty deep film.

But things go wrong for the Corporations when one particular player, portrayed by James Caan, is so successful at the game he becomes an international hero and thus a threat to the status quo. The Corporations retaliate by making the game even more dangerous (they abolish the rules) in an attempt to get rid of him and prove to everyone that individual effort goes for naught in the long run. He survives, however, and the film ends with him alone and triumphant on a body-littered track while the Corporations, represented by John Houseman, gnash their teeth with frustration. And that, basically, is what *Rollerball* is all about.

The actual rollerball sequences are very impressive, which is what you'd expect from a director who is as technically competent as Norman Jewison. Sickness is Jewison's major characteristic as a director and has been in evidence in all his films, such as *In the*

Heat of the Night, *The Thomas Crown Affair*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Jesus Christ—Superstar*, and *Rollerball* is no exception. He doesn't put a foot wrong anywhere; the photography, the lighting, the editing, all are superb and the film can be described as a visual feast, but that's about all it is. Like most of his films *Rollerball* consists of a very rich surface with little underneath—it's all gloss and no substance. And, surprisingly, off the track it's rather dull. In an attempt to give the rollerball sequences a maximised impact Jewison has deliberately kept the rest of the film on a very low key but in doing so he has actually made it boring. In between the rollerball games we don't have much to do except watch James Caan brood about What It All Means. Now there are some actors who can make even brooding exciting to watch, such as Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson, but Caan, though a good actor in his own right, is not one of these.

Jewison has said in press statements that *Rollerball* is really a warning about the growing violence in popular sports and how this is catering to the baser instincts of the spectators. He has even gone so far as to suggest that he didn't try to make the rollerball sequences attractive; instead he tried to make them as repugnant as possible so that audiences would feel revolted by the bloodlust and hysteria demonstrated by the spectators in the film. Well, he may sincerely 'believe' this, but it didn't work. Jewison not only directed the film, he produced it, which means he probably helped to raise the finance for it. Now I can't imagine him approaching a potential backer and neglecting to mention the obvious selling point of the film—the spectacular scenes of violence! He may honestly believe he has been able to put a serious message but does he really think that people have paid to see it because of that rather than rollerball itself? I'm not trying to moralise about this as I found the action scenes in *Rollerball* to be genuinely exciting (though I like to think I wouldn't enjoy a *real* game of rollerball) but the makers to pretend that it is anything but an exploitation film—a sort of glossy Kung Fu epic—is just hypocrisy.

But, you ask, is science fiction? Or more to the point, is it *good* science fiction? Well, no it's not. Most good sf usually has a well-developed background. In fact, as Harry Harrison has said, the background is often the most important part of a sf book or film, not what's going on in the foreground. But in *Rollerball* there is no background at all; just foreground. We're told very little about this world of the future, which is only forty years away, except that it is under the control of the Corporations and that nations of rollerballers and their makers to prevent famine, poverty or disease. Not bad going for a mere forty years, you must admit. Now the thing that the average sf fan would most be interested in is how did all this take place. Whatever happened to the Third World and the population crisis? The struggle between Communism and Capitalism? Between black and white? And whatever happened to the Feminist movement (all the women in the film seem to have reverted back to traditional female roles)? To hell with the silly games, bring on the meat, show us this paradise on Earth and tell me how the Corporations managed to achieve it. But, of course, Jewison can't, he can only show us rollerball and the people concerned with it and they exist in a cultural and social vacuum. He would probably say, if asked about this, that the film was not really about the future but about sport and about something that is happening, or beginning to happen, today. Well, in that case *Rollerball* need not have been set in the future at all; in fact it would have had far greater impact if it had been set in today's world or just a couple of years into the future. Nothing happened in *Rollerball*, even the no-rules game of the final game that couldn't conceivably happen today. It is even rumoured—though it may only be a publicity gimmick by the distributors—that enquiries are already flooding in for franchises both to stage and televise rollerball contests on a national basis.

To give him some credit Jewison doesn't completely ignore his world of the future, in a token gesture he has the James Caan character become curious about the past forty years of history. But it seems as Caan attempts to find something out about it he discovers that all books from the time before the takeover have been put in a central computer. When he goes there he finds it in the hands of an eccentric keeper played by Sir Ralph Richardson doing one of his 'funny' cameos. The computer, consisting of a pool of bubbling water, has not only lost much of the information but it won't even divulge that which it has left. This is really quite the silliest sequence in the whole film and sums up the makers' attitude to both science and science fiction.

One thing you can say for certain, the game of rollerball may be with us long before the world of *Rollerball* arrives—if ever.

ROLLERBALL Produced and directed by Norman Jewison. Screenplay by William Harrison. Starring James Caan, John Houseman, Maud Adams, and John Beck. A United Artists Production.







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MAKING WAVES

As a relative newcomer to science fiction, I have heard much about the New Wave. Could you tell me what is new about it and who are its main exponents? *Michael Siddall, Askan-in-Furness, Cumbria*

The so-called 'new wave' was an attempt to introduce into traditional sf some of the elements of 'mainstream' fiction by modern experimental writers like William Burroughs, Kurt Vonnegut and Saul Bellow. It was sponsored by Michael Moorcock when he became editor of *New Worlds* in 1964 and sought to attract new readers by calling its contents 'speculative fiction' and concentrating on sociological, psychological and sexual themes while at the same time departing from the rigid literary styles of the conventional magazines.

The avant-garde movement was actively supported by British writers such as JG Ballard, Brian Aldiss, John Brunner, Langdon Jones and Charles Platt, and Americans Judith Merrill, Thomas M. Diach, Norman Spinrad, John T. Sladek and Roger Zelazny, besides many newcomers with revolutionary ideas. It also received financial encouragement from the Arts Council of Great Britain which enabled the magazine to continue until 1970.

The experiment caused much controversy in sf circles, especially because its sponsors repudiated the basically optimistic outlook of 'old wave' sf, contending that its confident assumptions of scientific progress and galactic expansion were outdated fantasies in a world doomed to atomic warfare, overpopulation and pollution. That much 'new wave' writing proved almost unrecognisable or was frankly pornographic, let alone dismal, outraged old-time readers who might otherwise have been won over by the trend towards a more realistic outlook. But the fact

remains that leading exponents of the 'new wave', notably Moorcock himself, acquired a following as enthusiastic as any which adhered to their popular predecessors.

For further reading refer to *The New* (Hutchinson 1969), an original anthology of 'modern speculative fiction' edited by Moorcock's editorial associate Langdon Jones; to Judith Merrill's patronising selection, *England Swings SF* (Doubleday 1968), and the Panther series of Best SF Stories from *New Worlds*, dating from 1967. Also, of course, there's the revived, paperback-format *New Worlds*, which carries the old 'science fiction' label while retaining its 'speculative' outlook. In the second issue (Sphere 1971), editor Moorcock made the significant admission that 'The bulk of so-called New Wave sf has no more claim to be worthy of serious attention than the bulk of so-called Old Wave sf...'

TREK'S END

Could you say why production of *Star Trek* stopped? And what happened to the *Planet of the Apes* television series? *Græme D Kingston, Bolton, Lancs*

Production of *Star Trek* ceased in 1969 because, popular though it was for three seasons, it did not maintain a sufficiently high rating in the American national network. Its producers put this down to a change to the 'worst possible time-slot' after its first success, and to an 'inaccurate' rating system. In short, it was a victim of the American TV system—but it is still getting a showing there as well as over here.

The *Planet of the Apes* episodes, as shown on TV, made a poor impression on the critics—and, I suspect, on many viewers. My own feeling is that the films left little room for television to make much more of the idea.



● To: James Goddard on the subject of his review of *Nebula Awards 9* in *SFM* Vol 2 No 8.

For a supposedly well-informed reviewer you make several elementary mistakes:

(1) The Aldiss/Harrison annual collection is not called *The Annual Best SF*. It is called *The Year's Best SF*.

(2) You state yourself that each 'Best' of the year reflects a personal view and then go on, ludicrously, to state that one anthology is 'better' than the others because it has a higher proportion of stories that have won, or almost won, the Nebula Award. Learn a little logic, even the final results of the Nebula only end up showing which way the majority of people are feeling at the time they vote. It's again only a personal 'best', albeit personal to a higher cardinal. You may like the Carr anthology more than the others—so what, using this 'result' as a yardstick proves nothing to no one. You're wrong, I get all the annual anthologies. *Daw*, *Ballantine*, *Sphere* (the Ace edition has been curtailed), I don't get magazines, but I know that Carr, *Wohlheim/Saha*, *Aldiss/Harrison* will give me probably 80% of the best sf published during the year.

(3) On 'Sharks'... its denouement is nicely donebest for a change... what change? Where have you been the last decade or so? There are no 'upbeat' endings any more, they are 'not true', 'not actual', 'not real', they never have been, they never will be (at least according to Maizberg, Ellison, Anderson, Roberts, Wilhelm, Robinson...) and the rest of the brain-washed Clarion Workshop, among others). What would be strange nowadays, would be to have an upbeat ending, or even an ending since most modern writers seem to leave their protagonists between earth and air.

(4) I suggest you read Tiptree's story again, in the light of the knowledge that the story is, as all Tiptree's are, a satire on our own

society. Tiptree does not like women, just as Russ does not like men.

Jan Covell (Middlesbrough, Cleveland)

James Goddard: I'm flattered that Jan Covell should have read my review of *Nebula Award Stories 9* closely enough to spot my elementary mistakes; what I forgot to say in the review is that I included a number of deliberate errors, and the prize for the clever reader who wrote the first letter listing all four deliberate errors is a lifetime's free supply of inflated rocks from the annual award collection you have to arrange yourself Jan.

Seriously though, I feel compelled to reply to your criticisms of my review, and I'll deal with your points in order. Firstly, I took the title of the Aldiss/Harrison anthology from the latest issue to hand at the time I wrote the review, that is from the US Berkley paperback. The full title is given on back cover and title page is: 'The 7th Annual Harry Harrison—Brian Aldiss Best SF 73'. I simply abbreviated it to 'The Annual Best SF', which, I think, you must agree, is not too much of a deviation from the full title. I assume you have the Sphere edition of the anthology? As a fellow collector of these annuals I hope you appreciate that the Sphere edition of this particular one is incomplete?

Nowhere in the review do I state that one anthology is better than any other simply because it has a higher proportion of award winners. In fact the reverse is true; in my opening paragraph I state very clearly, in simple, easily understood language, that I consider the Harrison/Aldiss selection the best, and, as I made clear in my closing paragraph, that book does not contain one single award winner from the year under consideration. Having explained this, your second criticism is invalidated, for nowhere do I state that I prefer the Carr anthology to the others, what I do say is: '... I rank the Harrison/Aldiss selection tops and Terry Carr's a close second...'. A CLOSE SECOND. As far as logic goes I think yours is slightly askew; stating that I would expect the findings of a large body of people to be a safer yardstick as to what is good or bad than the opinions of a single person. That this turns out not always to be so is extraneous to your criticism.

Thirdly, I still maintain that the denouement of 'Sharks' is downbeat for a change. It ends unsatisfactorily for the protagonist, but it still ends in a satisfactory way for the protagonist. I don't wish to enter into a lengthy diatribe here, but take a look at Robert Silverberg's novel *Dying Inside*, one of the finest recent novels in sf, and very downbeat all the way through, but even so, in the final paragraph of the book the narrative takes a slight upturn. Selig is beginning to reconcile his lost telepathic power, his change of life, satisfaction of a sort is in sight. This still applies to most sf, even to what little of Maizberg I have read, but patently not to 'Sharks'.

I can't understand where you got the idea that Tiptree hates women. Certainly Love is the Plan... in isolation could conceivably give rise to this misunderstanding, but the body of his work, taken as a whole, will show that he has produced many sympathetic stories in which he shows that he loves the ladies just as much as the rest of us. The other Tiptree story mentioned in the review, 'The Girl Who Was Plugged In' is one such. I dare say that 'Love is the Plan...' is imbued with all kinds of Freudian symbolism for those who care to search for it, but I can find nothing in either of Tiptree's two recent collections, *Ten Thousand Light Years from Home* and *Warm Worlds and Otherwise*, to suggest that he is anti-feminist.

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BY THE FALLS

By Harry Harrison

'We were living in this house at the foot of a hill called Suicide Hill, which will give you some idea of what it was like! When we first moved in, the road ended at the top of the hill and there was no traffic. After a few years they built a road and cars would come belting down it. The house was angled towards the hill, only about twenty or thirty feet back from the road. One night I was just going to sleep, some time after midnight, and I was in that half-way state between waking and sleeping. It was dead quiet, there wasn't much traffic in those days, and I heard a car at the top of the hill, revving its engine. It came down the hill, crashing through the gears, right to the top, engine roaring—and the lights came through the bedroom window because of the way the house was angled—and I had the feeling that the car was going to come right into the bedroom and out again the other side of the house. All this while I was half asleep. I rose about five inches from the bed, just suspended in mid-air from the shock of this thing, while the car went by the house. But as I did this—which had never happened to me before—I had a vision, not of a car coming down a hill, but of a waterfall about five miles wide, pouring down, nothing but sound overwhelming me. This vision so shocked me that I lay there vibrating for a while, went to sleep, got up in the morning, thought about it—and instantly the emotion came back. I went into the studio and in one day wrote the story' (Harry Harrison)



Like everyone else he had heard about The Falls since childhood and had seen countless photographs and films of them on television. All this preparation had not readied him for the impact of reality.

Quivering with sensations he had never before experienced, Carter turned and looked along the ridge toward the grey and water-blackened granite of the cliff and the house that huddled at its base like a stony blister. It was built of the same granite as the cliff and appeared no less solid. Running and slipping, his hands still over his ears, Carter hurried toward the house.

He followed it and found—set into the wall on the far side, away from The Falls—a small and deep-set entry. It had no arch but was shielded by a great stone lintel a good two feet in diameter. Carter stepped into the opening that framed the door and looked in vain for a knocker on the heavy, iron-bolted timbers. The unceasing, world-filling, thunder of The Falls made thinking almost impossible and it was only after he had pressed uselessly against the sealed portal that he realised that no knocker, even one as loud as cannon, could be heard within these walls above that sound. He lowered his hands and tried to force his mind to coherence.

WHATEVER device this odd mechanism activated seemed to perform its desired function. In less than a minute the heavy door swung open and a man appeared in the opening. He examined his visitor word-

When the thick door had been swung shut and the many sealing bars shoved back into place the silence in the house took on a quality of its own. Carter had known absence of sound elsewhere—here was a positive statement of no-sound, a bubble of peace pushed right up against the very base of the all-sound of The Falls. He was momentarily deafened and he knew it. But he was not so deaf that he did not know that the hammering thunder of The Falls had been shut outside. The other man must have sensed how his visitor felt. He nodded in a reassuring manner as he took Carter's coat, then pointed to a comfortable chair set by the deal table near

'How are you now? Has the wine helped?' the man said loudly, almost shouting, and Carter realised that his own words had not been heard. Of course, the man must be hard of hearing. It was a wonder he was not stone deaf.

'My name is Bodum. You must know that if you have come here to talk to me. You write for the newspapers?'

'Forty-three years now,' Bodum said with solid pride, 'I've lived here and have never been away for a single night. Not that it has been easy. When the wind is wrong the spray is blown over the house for days and it is hard to breathe—even the fire goes out. I built the chimney myself—there is a bend part way up with baffles and doors. The smoke goes up—but if water comes down the baffles stop it and its weight opens the doors and it drains away through a pipe to the outside. I can show you where it drains—black with soot the wall is there.'

'Those windows,' he said, 'You put them in yourself? May I look out?'

QUARTER was not looking at the glass but at The Falls

The window did not lessen the effect The Falls had upon him but it enabled him to stand and watch and think, as he had been unable to do on the outside. It was very much like a peephole into a holocaust of water—a window into a cold hell. He could watch without being destroyed—but the fear of what was on the other side did not lessen. Something black flickered in the falling water and was gone.

'There—did you see that,' he called out. 'Something came down The Falls. What could it possibly be?'

Bodum nodded wisely. 'Over forty years I have been here and I can show you what comes down The Falls.' He thrust a splint into the fire and lit a lamp from it. Then, picking up the lamp, he waved Carter after him. They crossed the room and he held the light to a large glass bell jar.

Cartier pressed close, looking at the staring shoe-button eyes and the gaping jaws and pointed teeth. The limbs were stiff and unnatural, the body under the fur bulging in the wrong places. Bodum was by no means a skilful taxidermist. Yet, perhaps by accident, he had captured a look of terror in the animal's expression and stance.

'I'm sorry, I did not mean to suggest for an instant—down The Falls, of course. I just meant it is so much like the dogs we have that perhaps there is a whole new world up there. Dogs and everything, just like ours.'

'I never speculate,' Bodum said, mollified. 'I'll make some coffee.'

He took the lamp to the stove and Carter, left alone in the

And there, upstream, a ship appeared, a large liner with rows of portholes. It sailed the surface of the river faster than any ship had ever sailed before and he had to jerk his

'Did you see it?' Carter shouted, spinning about. 'The coffee will be ready soon.'

RODUM reached up to the shelf for a cup, breaking Carter's grip with the powerful movement of his arm.

'Your dog, of course, I'll not deny that. But there were people on that ship and I'll swear—I'm not mad—that their skins were a different colour from ours.'

'Skin is skin, just skin colour.'

'Yes, please. Two.'

Again the eddying wind currents shifted the screen of spray to one side just in time for him to see another of the objects go by.

'What is up there above The Falls—on top of the cliff? Do people live up there? Can there be a whole world up there of which we live in total ignorance?'

'Yes,' Carter answered, hammering his fist on the window ledge, not knowing whether to smile or cry. The water fell by the floor and walls shook with the power of it.

could have been a tree and that a bit of fence. The smaller ones may be bodies—animals, logs, anything. There is a different world above The Falls and in that world something terrible is happening. And we don't even know about it.

The sun shone on the water and he saw the change, just here and there at first, an altering and shifting.

'Why—the water seems to be changing colour. Pink it is—

He spun about to face the dim room and tried to smile but his lips were drawn back hard from his teeth when he did.

His scream did not disturb Bodum, who only nodded his head in agreement.

'My word of honour, not a word. Just show me. Perhaps it has something to do with what is happening.'

'I found this on the shore. During the winter. No one had been here for months. It may have come over The Falls.

'I agree, ordinary paper. Torn on one edge, wrinkled

'Yes. But it is meaningless. It is no word I know.'

'What could HEIP mean?' Bodum shouted, louder than

'You'll want to write a story about me,' he said proudly. 'I

have been here over forty years, and if there is one man in the entire world who is an authority on The Falls it is me. 'I know everything that there is to know about them.'

SF ARTIST INTERVIEW

Julie Davis talks to Tony Roberts

How did you first get involved with book illustration?

ROBERTS: I studied at art college for five years which was really like spending five years in limbo. I was at Wolverhampton for the first two years and then I took a course in painting at Ravensbourne College of Art. I thought this was the best course to take for my personal development as I knew that it was more liberal than those offered by other colleges. Consequently, I locked myself away for three years and concentrated on drawing; at that time I was very impressed by Dalí, so most of my work reflected this surrealist influence.

When I left college I was prepared to try any sort of work, but luckily I met a guy called Peter Sullivan who was Head of Graphics at Canterbury College of Art. He was also working for *The Sunday Times* and editing books for Collins, so he had a fair amount of contacts. I accepted some work from him, illustrating an encyclopedia, and I worked on that for about a year.

Was that black and white work?

ROBERTS: No, it was full colour artwork, which was quite nice. I was pleased just to get my work published. It was the first time I'd had anything in print, apart from the litho and silk screen prints and etchings I'd done at college. I enjoyed being part of the publishing process.

After that I managed to wangle myself a couple of jobs from Panther Books. I knew someone who was working there as chief designer. I'd been to college with him four years previously at Wolverhampton, and he offered me some work. He also introduced me to John Spencer who runs an artists' agency called Young Artists, and he suggested that I give him a couple of samples of my work to show to publishers.

Were there samples of sf artwork?

ROBERTS: Yes, and they all ended up as paperback covers. I stayed with John and after that, the work just came in.

Is that why you specialised in sf artwork?

ROBERTS: No, my work was sf orientated anyway and it seemed a suitable field to go into. I'd been working on some surrealist ideas and trying to combine unrelated images of different things, so going into sf illustration was a natural step.

Had you read much sf before you started to illustrate books?

ROBERTS: Yes, quite a lot in fact, especially when I was first at college. But I'm always aware of how very non-visual so much of it is.

Do you find it difficult to illustrate a straight sf novel?

ROBERTS: Well, I often find that if the author describes a spacecraft he does it in a very conventional way, whenever I can I squeeze in my own ideas and interpretations.

Is there any particular sf book that you'd like to have the opportunity to illustrate?

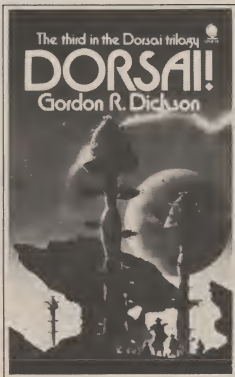
ROBERTS: I'd like to illustrate Heinlein's 'Future History' series: *The Man Who Sold the Moon*, *The Green Hills of Earth*, *Revolution 2100*, and *Methusalem's Children*.

Have you illustrated any of Heinlein's books?

ROBERTS: Yes, I did the cover for the Panther edition of *Double Star*; in fact that illustration was one of the original samples I did for John Spencer.

Have you compared your illustration of *Double Star* with any earlier interpretations? For instance, Kelly Freas' illustration which appeared on the cover of *Amazing Stories* in 1956. (See SFM Vol 2 No 10 p 26.)

ROBERTS: Well, I haven't seen his illustration, but I've just finished the covers for Gordon Dickson's *Dorsai* trilogy which Kelly Freas also illustrated. His cover for *Tactics of Mistake* concentrates on the people while I have more sympathy with the hardware. I'm really more interested in the classical themes of sf, like hardware going berserk and machines taking



over the world rather than philosophising about political futures.

How would you approach JG Ballard's stories?

ROBERTS: As pure hardware.

David Pelham presented very solid images. Do you think that was suitable in the light of their role as psychological 'disaster' novels?

ROBERTS: I think the difficulty there is that altergos are very hard to illustrate.

Do you think that's why the main characteristics of sf illustration are spaceships, machines and hardware?

ROBERTS: Well, I think the artwork always has to be spectacular. **JOHN SPENCER:** You have to remember also that the illustrations have to satisfy the demands of the publishers and that the publishers, by necessity, have to observe certain visual clichés.

Does that mean you're briefed when you receive a commission for a cover?

JOHN SPENCER: Well, you're told whether it's hardware or software, in other words it's either spaceships or fantasy. They are two distinct marketing categories. Quite often the brief is very specific. **TONY ROBERTS:** It needs the hardware to sell it really.

Supposing you don't agree with the publisher's interpretation of the story and you hand in something that doesn't include any hardware. What happens then?

ROBERTS: Well, they'd reject it, but as it happens hardware suits me. There are quite a lot of nice problems you can set yourself within the scope of hardware. I always like to make spaceships look sinister, I tend to model them on insects or reptiles; they can still be spaceships but they have a sort of menacing quality. The idea of a spacecraft having a personality appeals to me.

What made you decide to illustrate the Fritz Leiber book with a cat's paw smashing onto a spaceship?

ROBERTS: I did two books at that time for Sphere, *The Best of Fritz Leiber* and *The Best of AE Van Vogt*. The cat story comes from the Van Vogt book and the painting was meant for its cover. However, when Sphere got the paintings they swapped them over, for some inexplicable reason, and the cat painting ended up on the Fritz Leiber book.

I always look for striking visual images in the stories I'm illustrating and I feel that cats are nice to draw anyway. It was one of those situations where I

knew the publisher would want a very obvious sf interpretation, so I combined the hardware of the spaceship with the cat's paw.

Have you been influenced by any other sf illustrators?

ROBERTS: I'm more interested in the early American pop art painters. I like the way they manipulate space by putting two unrelated images together to create impact. I did something like that on a recent cover for Sphere; I used a pair of sunglasses and put a spaceship in front of them, this completely distorted the scale and miniaturised the spaceship. Of course, you can also paint a spacecraft which appears to be two miles long by setting it against a different image, such as a planet. I'm interested in manipulating the relative scale of things.

Has photography had any influence on your style; have you attempted to capture the same realism?

ROBERTS: Well, I use an airbrush chiefly because it gives a photographic quality to my work; I feel that it suits the subject matter, it's very slick. I used to be quite interested in photography anyway, especially stereo photography.

What's that?

ROBERTS: It's a process for taking three-dimensional photographs. I found a 1905 stereo-camera on a junk stall in Bromley and I bought it for 50p. It takes two photographs simultaneously, each from a slightly different angle. When you put them in the viewer they come together and form a 3-D image.

What would you say are the chief characteristics of your style?

ROBERTS: I'm pre-occupied with hardware.

When painting hardware, do you refer to space rockets in use today or do you rely on your imagination?

ROBERTS: All the spacecraft I illustrate are totally improbable, and intentionally so. I don't like the idea of drawing a spaceship which might end up in space in about fifty years' time. I prefer mine to double as insects, reptiles, etc.

What type of painting materials do you use?

ROBERTS: I use ordinary designers' gouache mostly. Sometimes I use Liquitex, a sort of acrylic paint. I never use ink.

Do you ever work in black and white?

ROBERTS: I always do a preliminary black and white drawing. It's more than just a line drawing; it involves some drawing as well, because I like to work that out at the drawing stage.

Have you only illustrated science fiction?

ROBERTS: No, I illustrated the Australian edition of *Golden Soak* by Hammond Innes as well as a few pseudo-factual 'astronauts from other planets' books. I'm currently working on two Gothic horror titles for Granada.

How did you first become interested in science fiction?

ROBERTS: It's just one of the things I like to read; it's so open-ended. You can do anything in an sf book, you can write off all the characters when a comet explodes, you can let the machines take over everything. It seems nice to be able to do that rather than write within the format of, say, an historical novel.

I don't really go along with sf authors who are totally pre-occupied with the science angle of it and who never include anything that is improbable. For me, the nicest thing about sf is that it deals with the fantastic and the impossible.

Do you just see yourself as an illustrator or are you trying to say something else through your work?

ROBERTS: No, I don't have any pretensions to do anything other than put a cover on a book. I don't intellectualise about my work at all.









THE NUNATAK WALL

By Robert Jackson

Mal Burrows flicked his com switch, 'Freight ionojet Stornoway calling Southpole City Port Air Traffic Control . . . 800 miles out; course deviation minimal. ETA 29 minutes'. This was as much for the benefit of his fellow crew members as for Southpole, who were watching the jet fly in on the radar anyway and should know. Luke Hirsch was the pilot and Alme Jorsson the engineer.

All Mal had done so far this flight was sit and watch navigational figures appear on print-out tapes and scopes, reporting them to ground control. Digital displays in orange and blue, typer and pre-programme activator punches, and just a few old-type switches and meters—these with the print-out scopes completely occupied Mal's field of vision. He could only hear his companions speak; the doorway to his console was not visible from his chair. There was no easy relief from his occasional bouts of claustrophobia.

If you wanted to get out fast there was always the ejection routine; you left the jet, but you were still encapsulated by your console. By then you would surely have other things to think about than claustrophobia.

Anyway, ionojets never had that sort of accident. Mal cast his mind back in vain for stories of ionojet baleouts—not one, as far as he could remember. Fusion reactors, not to mention the rest of the jets' equipment, nowadays had the most sophisticated safety mechanisms known to man; when an ionojet took off, someone made sure everything worked, and worked properly. There was very little computer trouble on board the *Stornoway*, and mechanical difficulties were almost unheard of.

The International Safety Sign consisted of three black annular segments, surrounding a black disc. In the old days it had just meant radioactivity, but this had become too universal and a new meaning was adopted.

Mal looked at the safety sign on the console wall above him. Beside it he imagined the incongruous words:

FREIGHT IONOJET CREW in case of emergency break glass

Some of those fool politicians ought to repeal the outdated Safety Code laws about human pilots on board these jets. To guard against trouble was the only real reason for having aircrew on board at all; the regular verbal communications were just double-checks on the routine ground-jet talkback, which was in Loglan, free from human interference.

The regulations on any kind of nuclear reactor in flight conjured up absurd visions of potential H-bombs and of clouds of radioactive smoke whenever a jet landed with more than a feather touch. Nowadays, atomic personal phones and watches were universal; people trusted radioactive shielding implicitly. Moreover, everyone could afford them. What other source of power was there, anyway? For your home you bought power from the municipal reactor, or if you could afford it you had your own installed. How else could you drive an ionojet to the edge of space? You could pedal it, Mal supposed. . .

'Inertial guidance OK, Mal?' Luke's voice. A pause. 'Mal . . . ?'
'Yuh; eh?' 'ring' hime here,' Mal replied through a mouthful of yawn.

'Say that again, please?'
'Oh, sorry; everything's fine.'
Literally, caught napping! Mal purpled at the thought. Most embarrassing. What really niggled Mal's conscience was that Luke had thought nothing of it. Despite the quasi-military command organisation on board, they wouldn't have let it pass like that on a Forces' transport—by now he would be firmly on the carpet and wishing he could hide inside the woollen pile.

Conservative historians looked at this slackness and saw it as a sign of the times; they maintained that along with the departed razor-sharp reactions and skills of the old pilots, the romance and adventure were gone from commercial flying. They accused present-day aircrew of being degenerate technicians, incapable of doing anything without a computer. This rankled with the pilots, who argued in justified self-defence that flying techniques had changed almost totally since the primitive days of pistons and rockets. Mal had once pointed out that even the legendary Apollo astronauts had computers to help them. Nevertheless, he used to see in moments of awkward self-honesty that fun-loving Mal Burrows, with his prosperous belly, was a prime example of the slackness of discipline which had alienated the die-hards.

Mal's reverie was interrupted by the red flash of an alarm light:

HEF LEAK.

Heat exchange fluid leak?!

At first Mal stared without comprehension; when the meaning penetrated, globules of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Heat exchange fluid leaves the fusion plant white-hot and highly radioactive, delivers its energy thermo-electrically to the ionojet thrusters, and returns (no less radioactive) to the fusion plant. Without HEF there is no way of absorbing the vast energy output of the plant.

Those safety mechanisms had better work.

The magnets in the H-plasma draw their power from the fusion plant itself, so once inactivated they can only be started again while the jet is on the ground, near an external source of power. All power is lost if the magnets are cut off, so the situation has to be pretty bad before the cutouts operate. If HEF loss triggers them, then more than half the fluid has gone.

FUSION MAGNETS CUTOFF flashed across the main print-out scope. At least there was now no chance of detonation. Of re-activation.

They were now drifting powerless over the ice deserts of Antarctica; power for the normal VTOL mode and power for low-speed jet control had both gone. There were only the emergency batteries for the computers and radar.

'I don't believe it. . . I don't believe it. . . ' Alme was muttering. 'It's impossible, but it happens on my jet!'

'How do we get her down?' Mal asked.

'The only way to keep her in one piece would be to skid-land her,' Luke replied. 'You can eject and leave me to try it on my own if you . . .'

'Not likely!'

' . . . or stay with me while I try landing her. It'll have to be by radar; you can't see much out of the visors here.' Luke knew that for a stable skid-landing he must trade height for speed in a shallow dive. When stalling speed approached, he dropped the craft's nose towards the invisible frozen land below.

Antarctica in June . . . the long winter night. Expeditions from Fuchs Dome, the research centre and tourist resort north-west of them on the Weddell Sea Coast. Well-protected in ponderous, slow-moving 'Big Bug' caterpillars, the scientists—and tourists, if they had the money—could move about and . . .

Be showered with radioactivity! Who knows what isotopes were even now solidifying into dust as they floated down on the wind. However well armoured the expeditions were, they still took raw materials, samples and souvenirs in. And above all, air. Unless they were warned, whoever was below them now would sign their own death warrants within minutes by breathing droplets and dust showered on them from above.

Mal announced, 'Fuchs Dome's a hundred miles away upwind; it'll be safe from fallout.'

'Pity,' Alme said.

'Cool it, Al. We know you don't like cheap holiday resorts. Just now, we've got a jet to fly.'

'Come off it Luke, I was only joking . . .'

' . . . but we'll have to radio the Big Bugs,' Mal continued, 'so they can seal themselves in and go on internal oxygen. Hey, all this is in the Safety Code anyway, isn't it?' He reached for the Distress Frequency com switch. 'Freight jet *Stornoway* calling all expeditions in the region 77'S 20-25'W. We have incurred a radioactivity leak. Seal your environment, move upwind or crosswind, and request emergency evacuation by icehopper.' Mal set the switch to Auto-repeat; the message would now be rebroadcast for as long as the power held out.

'Luke, do the batteries last long enough to power the control surfaces for a skid-landing?'

'Jolly well should do. Mal, I take it we're past the Pensacola Mountains?'

'Fraid not. The way the computers have taken us, we're just crossing the near edge. They're forty miles wide here. No good for a skid-landing.'

'No. This isn't going to be fun. I can't even bring her round away from them, so I'll have to try and land her in the first valley I see. If I can't find one, we either bale out, or . . . You'll be safer this way. The leak is behind us now.'

'Alme and Mal—sorry, I should say Crewmen Jorsson and Burrows—you are ordered to bale out.'

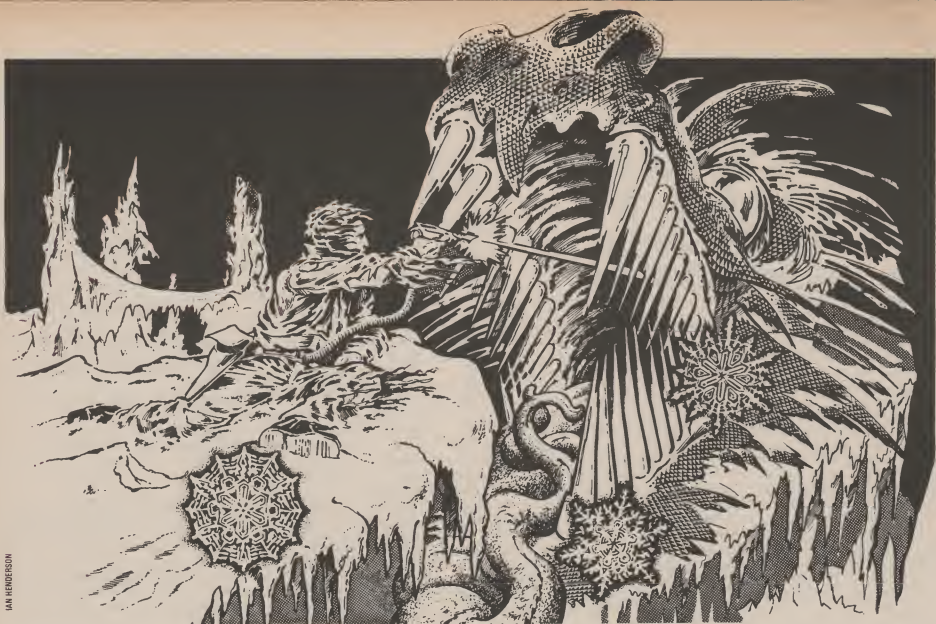
The door to Mal's console closed automatically as part of the ejection sequence. The capsule exploded away from the ionojet. Mal facing back along the flight path; he was thus cushioned by the back of his chair from the violent deceleration of the capsule in the airstream.

Gradually the steady pressure on Mal's back was succeeded by swaying; the capsule swung crazily as the parachutes above were mauled by the turbulence.

Mal stared hypnotically at the altimeter, wondering which of the figures on it would bring the bump that meant landfill—2,000? 1,500? 1,000? A nightmare vision arose in his mind of the 'chutes ripped to shreds on the serrated edge of a mountainous cliff, and the capsule falling, bouncing off a ledge as it fell, then lying in bloodied shards on the snow.

Just then the capsule swung again and was momentarily in free fall when the 'chutes were caught by a downdraft. Mal's stomach complained at this and suddenly splattered its contents over the console and onto the floor.

Mal's body was exhausted by the convulsion, but his mind started racing. 'What's this stupid capsule for anyway? To protect me from hypersonic airstreams if I need to eject. Well, this isn't a hypersonic



airstream any more. Shouldn't I be out of here, ready to land on my feet? Of course I should; why don't I get on with . . .

The capsule hit flat ice-covered ground at the speed of the wind, which was 40 knots. It bounced off the ice, sent spinning by the impact. The twisted chute cables dragged madly behind it. Vertigo set Mal's eyes oscillating in their sockets as the console spun above him, below him, above . . . below. The capsule bumped again, finally halted.

Mal's mind felt as if abraded by steel wool. He was hanging on his chair straps, so the pressure on his chest made breathing difficult. There was a buzzing in his ears, and his eyes would only focus on the altimeter, which had come to rest at 4,500 feet. If only the buzzing would go away . . . But that was hardly likely, Mal realised, as he identified its source.

It was the radioactivity counter alarm. Mal reached forward to detach the portable radiocounter from its retaining clips, but was hindered by the straps. He fumbled with the catches and one finally came undone. He first allowed his feet to fall away from the chair with the top strap still done up, then undid the other strap and dropped to a crouching position on the corner of the console, with the chair from which he had been hanging now above his head. He reached down for the door switch and activated it, but the machinery did not respond. Damaged by the fall, presumably. He'd have to open it manually. Leaning backwards round the chair and supporting himself by holding its far arm, he stretched up for the manual door handle and pulled it.

When the door gave, the wind hit him.

It swirled in, flapping at his crewman's jacket still held on its hook, and taking the cold through his shirt-sleeved state of dress as if it wasn't there.

He reached for his jacket and put it on. It afforded some protection; but if this was inside the capsule, what was the weather like outside?

Mal still had to get out; some of the heat exchange fluid had evidently leaked into the bulkheads and airducts of the ionojet, but hadn't activated the radioactivity alarm until the jolt of landing. The capsule was a very unhealthy place to be. High time he left.

There was no other clothing around that he could wear. The Safety Code had said something about clothing, but he couldn't remember what. Never mind that, too late now. Grabbing the radiocounter, a radar beacon and a torch, he pulled himself up onto the chair, balanced on it, and climbed out of the open door into the Antarctic night.

The wind nearly caught him off balance. He was now standing precariously on top of the rounded caputs which had come to rest against a jagged, cliff-like nunatak wall. Nunataks are the peaks of buried mountains showing through the ice. The cliff Mal faced had snow lodged in every crevice and cornices hanging from the ledges.

The cornices were being eroded by the blast even as Mal watched. He knew just how they felt; all the time he was being bitten into by the keening, hiemal wind. Above him the sky was for the moment clear; the half moon looked warm by comparison with these glacial conditions.

Mal turned round to scan the plateau. Its edge dropped away at an icefall, so that he was looking down the line of a curving glacier, its mountainous walls smoothed by the eternal passage of ice.

About five miles down the glacier was an orange glow which told Mal all he did not want to know about Luke's fate at the hands of the

Stornoway. The mountains either side of the glacier glared unnaturally, and towards the far side lay the source of the light—the shattered, scattered wreckage of an ionojet.

Mal wondered how it had happened. Had the controls failed for lack of power, or had the mountain loomed up on Luke's radar screen too fast for him to escape? There was nothing he could do about it now. He must find shelter, and quickly. He jumped from the top of the capsule onto the ice and was just starting to run away from it along the cliff, in search of a nook not filled by snow, when a passage in the Safety Code came to his mind.

In cold climates or marine survival situations: parachute fabric can provide useful insulation if wrapped around the body . . .

Mal circled the capsule at a safe distance, towards the cliff on the far side of it, where the 'chutes were flapping violently in the wind. He had difficulty in persuading his hands to take hold of the cables, but he had managed it and was just pulling his blaster to cut through them when above the wind he heard that buzzing noise again. In his left hand were the 'chute canopies and the radiocounter, with its detector pressed up against the fabric.

The 'chutes were radioactive too. Wrap himself up in them for longer than five minutes and he would be as surely dead as Luke was. Mal glanced at the orange glow down on the glacier.

At least Luke must have gone quickly. A far better way to go than this—here he was, baled out in the wintry Pensacola Mountains and forced to leave the warmth of his capsule because it was radioactive.

Perhaps a few million years hence they would find him frozen deep in a glacier, a perfectly preserved specimen of Primitive Man.

Exposure hypothermia, the medical textbooks say, is the result of an inability to keep up body temperature. They say things like:

It is characterised by loss of heat production: the limbs cool first and the subject loses muscular control. When deep body temperature starts to fall, the subject becomes irrational and suffers delusions and hallucinations: these are followed rapidly by loss of consciousness. Death generally follows loss of consciousness within one or two hours, if the condition is not ameliorated by restoration of body heat.

Behind the verbiage lies an unpleasant and often tragic reality. Mal Burrows was beginning to see himself as just another one to add to the medics' sad list of case histories.

After he had found himself unable to take refuge in wrappings of parachute canopy, Mal had resumed his search for shelter. When he had moved a quarter of a mile, he decided that he ought to inform possible rescuers of his whereabouts, and that he should activate his radar beacon.

He looked down at his hand and saw his torch strapped to it, but no radiocounter.

And no radar beacon.

He brought his hand up to touch the lapel of his coat, touched it. Saw the lapel move, felt his wrist bend—but couldn't feel his fingers moving. The fingers had turned white.

Frostbite! No wonder he had dropped the beacon.

He had only been out here for ten minutes. This was indeed an

inhospitable place. The temperature must be around minus forty; and the oldsters used to subtract another degree Centigrade for each mile an hour of wind, so this must be effectively eighty degrees of heat.

What hope in weather like this? His feet were now completely numb; his toes would soon be white with frostbite too. His legs were becoming more and more sluggish; Mal felt as if each movement were made in a sea of soup. So this was what it was like to come home last in a marathon race; pointless exhaustion . . .

Mal looked down at his beer belly. If that was an extremity, it would get frostbite as well.

What about the beacon? He bent down and groped about on the moonlit, hard-packed snow crust, to see if he had just dropped it. The torch, so far unlit, fell off his hand and lodged in a crack in the ice. That torch must be useful for looking at things, Mal thought. He picked it up by looking at his hands and telling his fingers what they must do, without any feel of what they were doing. He jabbed a finger experimentally at the switch and a beam of light appeared.

He swept the beam around, looking far and wide for his counter and his beard beacon. Nowhere; they must have been swallowed up by a hole in the ice.

I bet that's exactly what did happen to them; how very droll, Mal thought. Holes in the ground swallowing radar beakies—yum yum, burp! Delicious.

They'll never find me now, anyway. I'm going to find a hole in the ground, too, and I'm going to let it swallow me up and I'm going to die.

I wanna die, I wanna DIE!

Mal stumbled across the cracked snow and ice of the plateau, along the line of the cliff away from the capsule. He had moved a hundred yards further when his foot penetrated the thin crust of the snow and stuck, his whole leg wedged in the narrow, camouflaged end of a great crevasse which stretched up from the icefall.

He lay for a minute before even making the effort to extricate himself, then he rolled his body back towards the cliff and brought his leg up parallel with the snow crust. The crust broke, allowing his leg to emerge into the ground beside the other leg.

Mal lay for another minute, the melting snow seeping through his jacket and shirt. The thought 'Hole in the ground—nearly got me, there!' went round his head a few times before petering out.

Slowly, he pushed himself up onto all fours. With one hand he swept the torch round again. He was still close to the nunatak wall; ahead of him the wall curved round in a concave formation, then jutted like a headland from the sea.

On top of the headland, silhouetted in reverse against the black sky, Mal saw a white figure.

That's a ghost, thought Mal. I bet he's come to ask me to join the gang. Hi! I'm your friendly neighbourhood Death-from-Exposure

Club representative, get a lot of work around here, ha-ha! We can offer you membership at the once-and-for-ever (and I do mean ever!) price of just two ounces of ectoplasm!

I'm joining, I'm joining, thought Mal, though he was a quarter of a mile away and at the top of the nunatak wall, but when the torch fell on it he could see that it had no arms or legs, and was swathed simply in white.

He heard a voice. It called, 'Mal! Mal! It's me, Alme!' So you've already joined the club, Al. See you soon; I hope they treat us nice. Alme all me Mal me no you Alme . . .

Mal had crawled right up to the cliff. This was a very dark area here, he thought. He leant towards it, but couldn't feel it on his body. He leant further against it, sideways.

It wasn't there.

Mal felt himself falling . . . Thump. The wind stopped.

The torch was still in his hand, still gleaming. The beam fell on a rock wall. Rock roof . . . cave. A jaw of rock hung out from the wall four feet away from him and a couple of feet off the ground. It was blacker than the rest of the wall. Mal's eyes fell on it.

That's right, black dragon's come to eat me gotta kill it want blaster outa holster hand go to hip blaster out push trigger push push . . .

The heat from Mal's blaster shattered the rock into pieces which fell to the flat floor of the cave.

Gotta kill it more push trigger push push push . . .

The dragon was killed, but still its dead jaw smouldered and breathed fire at Mal from the floor.

A stray spark from the blaster beam's target hit Mal in the face; he quit firing and passed out.

'Why didn't he remember to use his parachute canopy?'

Alme Jorsson and the Rescue Service doctor sat in the icehopper carrying them back to Fuchs Dome. Alme was still wrapped up in his warm, white chute canopy, an hour after he had seen a torch beam crawl up to the nunatak wall below him and disappear.

He answered the doctor's query. 'I don't know. It's possible he forgot; more probably he tested it and found it was radioactive like the rest of his capsule. The leak must have been fairly small, like an antiseal; it'll help the enquiry a lot. . . Do you think he'll pull through?'

'Yes, I'm pretty sure; he didn't get anything like a lethal dose of radioactivity. His hands are in a bad way, though; he'll almost certainly need prosthetics. One thing that mystifies me is, what on Earth that stuff was that he kept himself warm with.'

The doctor glanced at Mal's sleeping form and thought back to the roaring fire they had found next to him on the floor of the cave.

'Oh. That stuff. Fossil rock which burns chemically. There used to be vast quantities of it, but it was all used up years ago.'

'Yes, but what was it?'

'They used to call it coal.'

The reaction to this book in the fan press (at least in America) has generally been unfavourable; of the reviews I've seen, only Ed Connor's in *SF Echo*, can be said to be favourable. Perhaps this is understandable because as one reviewer said: 'I found the book virtually useless' and so will most other fans. It will tell the experienced fan what he knows already—why pay \$10 for that? What I'm curious about is the sort of notice the book has received in the unspecialised press—since, after all, it is aimed at outsiders and not fans themselves.

The thing that most other fan reviewers objected to was Wertham's lumping together of comic books with sf fazines. Wertham justifies (or at least attempts to justify) this practice by saying 'the unity of what may be called the fanzine spirit is greater than the divisions'. And considering the focus of Wertham's study, he is correct—for neither the sf nor comic book aspect of fazines really interests him; but rather the *fanzine* qualities these two types of zines share. The quotes he takes from various low-circulation comic book and sf zines bear this out.

How Wertham became interested in fazines? He says he was sent copies at various times by 'young men' who were 'approving or disapproving of my writings or talks on such subjects as mass media, youth problems or violence'. After reading the fazines, he was attracted to them because they were so 'positive'. I think that they were essentially unpolluted by the greed, arrogance and hypocrisy that has invaded so much of our academic life'. Wertham found himself enthusiastic about fazines' spontaneity, honesty and informal warmth and friendliness. Obviously, it was a neofan's love of fazines that inspired his book—and despite the fact that it is a serious, academic study, Wertham manages to convey some of his obvious enthusiasm and affection for fazines quite well.

Wertham (like everyone else who has tackled the subject) is unable to come up with a really satisfactory definition of a fazine. But he does make one point that is obvious to us all, and yet is one we don't often consider: 'In contrast to mass media and mass circulation publications . . . fazines are intended for small audiences'. 'Fazines', says Wertham, 'do not treat people as statistics.' It's interesting to compare Wertham's remarks with some made by Ted White, Wertham's most vociferous critic, in *Outwards* 20:

... when I set down to write something for a fazine, I do so with a certain mental

SCIENCE FICTION

BOOK REVIEW

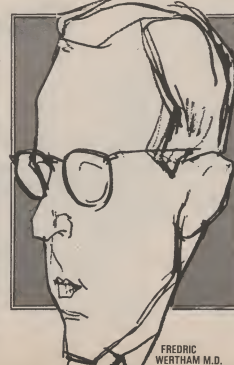
The World of Fazines by Fredric Wertham MD

Published by Southern Illinois University Press; \$10
Available in England from Transatlantic Book Service, 51 Weymouth Street, London W1
Reviewed by Cy Chauvin

posture, an awareness of audience, no matter what topic I intend to write about. When I write for a fazine it is with a limited and specific audience in mind . . . The thing about a fazine (even the big ones) is that its audience is small and limited enough that I can feel myself a part of a specific group, part of a family, if you will. Now, this family includes both friends and enemies—those whom I like and those whom I dislike. But I know who they are. That's essential!

Yes, it is—that's why some fan editors have gone to the extent of deliberately limiting the circulation of their fazines, something almost unheard of (until very recently) among commercial magazines.

Wertham notes that there are two very different ideas on what fazines 'should become' in present-day fandom. One is that fazines should be more and more professional looking; the other is that their greatest value is their amateur status and appearance. It seems that the more professional a fazine is financially, aesthetically, and in production, the less it corresponds to the prototypical image of the fazine. This subject has been debated at great length in the USA, due to the growth there of various publications (eg *Locus*, *Algo*, *The*



FREDRIC WERTHAM M.D.

Alien Critic, etc) which seem to hover between the status of a fazine and a magazine. It's also pretty obvious where Wertham's sympathies lie on this subject—it's not such publications as *Algo* or *SF Review* (or even *Cypher* or *Speculation*) that he quotes from, but from small-circulation fanzines like *Fan-Focus* and *Freen* which no one outside its readers has heard of. It's the average, everyday, garden-variety of fazine that Wertham is interested in—not the potential Hugo nominee. You don't capture the flavour of a field of study by examining its exceptions.

Some of the complaints levelled at Wertham are justified. At times, particularly in his chapter 'Three Touchy Subjects—Pornography, Drug Abuse, Violence', he gives the impression that fans are not in favour of any of these things—yet it's quite obvious in the case of pornography, that they are even less in favour of the alternative—censorship. In his comment on violence Wertham says. It is interesting to find clear and emphatic anti-violence statements in some fazines. They do not represent the views of fazines in general, probably not even a majority . . . They express a natural recognition and aversion. It is in this naturalness which makes them significant.'

I think most fans would agree with Isaac Asimov that 'violence is the sign of the incompetent'. But the depiction of violence in print or on the screen is something else again; many would be 'for' it with as much of Wertham's 'naturalness' as those who are against it. None of the reviews I've seen of *The World of Fazines* has mentioned the design of the book, which is exceptional. It's printed on slick paper, with silver endpapers and a slightly better than normal format (9" x 7"). The first thirty pages of the book are devoted entirely to illustrations from fazines (of varying quality) and the book has extra-wide margins and much white space. In all, it is quite nice (hence, also, the \$10 price for a book only 144 pages long).

As I said at the beginning of this review, *The World of Fazines* will tell the fan who knows nothing new—it is for the outsider, and perhaps for the neofan and the collector who must have everything. Wertham presents a picture of fazine publishing that is in large part accurate ('Fazine publishing is a friendship-making activity', he says, quoting a fan), and for that we can be grateful to him, I suppose. But it really is heavy material, and for those who are fazines are fazines, they don't require academic appraisal and they will continue to be published whether the criticism is accurate or not.

SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY 27

AT THE PLEASURE CENTRE

Years ago the pleasure centre had been something monumental and beside the point. A parking lot, or maybe a theatre. In any case, the ceiling was high and the floor tilted. If Gloria had been a perfect sphere she could have rolled from Room 348 to the exit. In fact, she was thin and angular and walking served her purpose just as well. Most of the door-plates indicated either VACANT or IN USE. When you need a policeman he's never there.

Except in one cubicle, where a very young, very homely cop chewed on a cud of gum. Their eyes tangled and she thought—*No, not this one*. She was not the slave of passion: she could wait. Appetite would be her sauce. Hungrily, she imagined the ideal policeman: about 40, greying at the temples and wilting at the edges of his spirit; friendly, wistful, uncomprehending, and willing (above all) to accommodate her needs.

The same rooms were still empty or being used, so on her second go round she went into 111, where in the meantime he'd got everything ready. She signed his form, he punched her card, she lifted the quiff of hair that covered the socket in her forehead. Without teasing or delay, he unzipped his pocket, took out the plug, connected it to an outlet and plugged her in. It almost went too fast.

He went to the wall where the panoply of dials on the console trembled in sympathy with her psyche's least electric twitch, and his finger paused above the button—paused, while their eyes skirmished once again. There was just time enough to wonder if he wanted her to beg.

Then he pressed the button.

From the intrinsic centre of her being a seed of light swelled into endless flowering. Cerise and lovely, leaf after leaf of radioactive lettuce wrapped themselves around the grateful lobes of her brain. Bells rang. Her cells absorbed a perfect nectar. The swift elusive meaning of all existence slowed, stopped and glowed with a yummy clarity. Heaven!

Then it stopped.

'How was that?' he asked, after a just barely decent interval.

'Oh, wonderful.'

'Yeah?'

'Really really terrific.'

'What did you see?'

'It's not like seeing exactly. It's hard to describe.'

She was disconnected now. The policeman was wrapping the cord around the three-pin plug. He no longer seemed homely or hostile. She could see him perishing in his own humanity, a Prometheus self-immolated and self-consumed, and she wanted to reach forward and undo the tight little black bow tie that was strangling him.

'From the intrinsic centre of her being a seed of light swelled into endless flowering. Cerise and lovely, leaf after leaf of radioactive lettuce wrapped themselves around the grateful lobes of her brain. Bells rang. Her cells absorbed a perfect nectar. The swift elusive meaning of all existence slowed, stopped and glowed with a yummy clarity. Heaven!'

By
Thomas M
Disch

'Do you mind if I ask you a question?'

'Ask,' he said.

'Why do you do this? I mean, it should be clear why we're here. But what does it feel like for you?'

'I don't know.'

'Just a job like any other?' she suggested.

'There's a lot of other jobs I don't think I'd care for. What do you do?'

'Programmer.'

'You like that?'

She shrugged one bony shoulder. 'I like this.'

He laughed. 'I'll tell you, Dorabella, there's one part I like.'

'Gloria,' she corrected.

'Dorabella,' he insisted, with a shift down the spectrum toward those wave-lengths she first remembered. 'Can you guess what part that is?'

'Now? Us, here, talking?'

'No. I don't usually care to talk. Tonight's the exception.

Some guys do, but for me what I like is the same, really, as

for you. It's when I'm holding down the button. I like to see what happens in your face.'

'What happens?'

'I don't know. Something disappears.'

'Is it like flushing a toilet?'

He laughed again. 'You said it, lady, not me.'

'Don't you ever wonder what it feels like for ordinary people?'

'I can guess.' He pulled down the steel shutters over the console.

'You can't.'

He turned off the lights.

'Where are you going?'

'It's ten o'clock. I'm off duty.'

She followed him down the tilting corridor, linked to him by the hopeless desire that he might be corruptible. It was her dream that some day, somewhere, she would meet a policeman who would yield her more than what she was allotted by her card; who would have his own power sources (a battery?); and who would never take his finger from the button, who would hold it down for ever. But she could not say this to him, and in any case there was no policeman so guileless that he didn't understand this.

'Will I see you tomorrow?' she asked him as they neared the exit. It was as far as she could venture toward the dream.

'If you come back to the same room, you will.'

'One more question?'

His feet were already planted on the mat that opened the door. 'Shoot.'

'When you imagine what it's like, what do you imagine?'

'Oh, colours, music. That sort of thing.'

'And you don't want it for yourself?'

'I'm not wired.'

'You could be.'

'So? You could have yours ripped out.'

She cringed. 'No way!'

'That's just how I look at it, Dorabella. I got what I need. My hand is on the button, I make you jump—that's all right.'

'I don't understand you.'

'If you did, Dorabella . . . if you did, you might not come back tomorrow night.' He grinned, and the streetlight underlined every less scrawled in the young, painful flesh.

He strode out into the street, where she could not follow him. He reached the bus stop at the same moment the bus did. When the bus pulled away he was gone.

Gloria walked to the corner and waited for the green light.

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